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CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.



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THERE is not in the English language a more mournful description of a mournful fact than that in Carlyle's "Life of Sterling," wherein the author paints the inner life of the poet Coleridge in a single sentence

full of harsh sublimity: "And so the Em-pyrean, buried under the terrane, yet inextinguishable there, made sad writhings." Life presents no gloomier spectacle than glorious faculties wasted in self-indulgence, or palsied

by the vacillations of an impotent will. On the other hand, there is no more inspiring and noble vision than that of a consistent and symmetrical career, which, however obedient to its own inner law of development,

fits itself sternly and truthfully to all the every-day duties of life, and accepts the vicissitudes of victory and defeat without being enervated by the one or daunted by the other. To such the world never refuses its highest ultimate rewards. Of such an exemplary career, of such a worthily-won guerdon, both in fame and fortune, we know of few more brilliant illustrations than the life of the great dramatic artist, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN. In these days of speculation and experiment, as to a large sphere of thought and work for woman, wherein so much of wise and judicious inquiry has become cumbered and overgrown with extravagant demands, the life of one such woman tells a more eloquent story than any amount of sermonizing and essay-writing. It reveals how great power, whether in man or woman, silently gets to work, and does its work without overmuch fretting against barriers, which exist for all in some shape or other, and are likely to prove a whetstone for good metal. It teaches that Nature quietly settles this question of successful aspiration by bestowing the intellectual force and the power of dogged, persevering toil on those consecrated to great results, and that no end of talking and clamoring for opportunities is ever likely to reverse the inexorable law.

It is, however, with Miss Cushman's life as an artist, not as an illustration of the moral economy of society, that this article has to do. Her art has been the one absorbing and all-sufficient fact of her life, and her devotion to it has not been the less exclusive, that there have been considerably lengthened lapses from its active pursuit, made necessary by the demands of health. The interest attached to this great representative actress in all countries where art is honored, has ten-fold force and value for the American. Civilization on this side of the Atlantic has had a host of fine dramatic artists, the class who do thoroughly well within an easily appreciable and not very exalted limit of accomplishment. But among the very great ones, such as historic criticism will rank as the demigods of art, the Talmas, Garricks, Keans, Kembles, Siddonses, Macreadys, Salvini, it is doubtful whether America is entitled to claim any outside of the names of Edwin Forrest and Charlotte Cushman. We point with pardonable pride to a multitude of distinguished workers, who will live in the memory of future generations, each one a *clarum et venerabile nomen*, as brilliant exponents of the arts of sculpture, painting, and poetry. The comparatively small production of great histrionic names has good reasons for the existence of the fact. The ripening of the fine arts into their higher types of expression is an eloquent witness of the time when a people ceases to grow merely by aggregation, and commences to enlarge by evolution. The development has taken place in America in its natural and healthy order, after the crude ferment of work and thought, made imperative by the necessities of a new people, has ebbed somewhat from the high-water mark of purely practical and commonplace aims. This silent blossoming of the finer elements of culture has not always been pure and rigid in its requirements, nor severely critical in its judgments. It has sometimes confounded

gorgeous pretense with healthy truth, and at times yielded to the morbid excitement of spurious and glittering illusions. But these faults only testify to a mental process unavoidable in the riot and exuberance of youthful growth. They verify the presence of that high pressure of enthusiasm which underlies all art-culture as its motive force. Though in themselves a reproach to our attainment, sound criticism recognizes in the forces behind them an eloquent prophecy and a substantial guarantee.

This rich creative force suffices to explain our fruitfulness in so many artistic directions. But acting demands a somewhat different test. Though the rewards of the actor are for the most part immediate, he must possess largely the attributes of the poet, painter, sculptor, and orator, with the original genius to fuse and individualize them, to attain the higher peaks of professional glory. There must be the poet's imagination and profound insight into human nature, as well as the poet's sense of the balance and rhythm of language; the painter's perception of the effects of light, shade, and perspective, in rearranging the mode of presenting the dramatic picture; the sculptor's instinctive sense of pose and dignity, which makes every attitude graceful and statuesque, without formality; and the orator's magnetic passion and enthusiasm, that cause complete forgetfulness of self in the white heat of artistic illusion.

However superb the genius of the artist, the consummation of these conditions is only possible through the most incessant and well-directed labor. It is not wonderful that there are but few who have the ability and self-control to surmount the thorny steep which intervenes between them and greatness. In classic Athens, it was said, the whole atmosphere of thought was characterized by an aesthetic culture, so subtle and all-permeating, that the meanest citizen was an accomplished critic in any and all of the fine arts. The same may be said, to some extent, of Paris and the large Italian cities of to-day. The very existence of such a public, the constant breathing of such an atmosphere on the part of artists, could not but operate to produce the highest art-forms in their labors. The acted drama, as being in a definite sense the complement of all the other fine arts, feels and reflects most sensitively the spirit of the public taste. How much greater should be our respect and admiration for an actress like Miss Cushman who, without this strong impulse of retroactive taste and sympathy on the part of the public, during the trials of her early professional life, found her own ambitions and daring nature an all-potent incentive.

The story of Charlotte Cushman's career, like that of most other gifted and successful workers, has been one of ardent toil, bitter struggle against discouragement, systematic self-denial, and unflagging self-confidence. After a while, of course, she commenced to reap her rewards, as do all who possess a similar grip and persistence, but there were many long, heart-breaking years to fight through before the bright and glorious dawn of success. Goethe writes, in one of his "Wilhelm Meister" songs:

"Who never ate with tears his bread,
Who never passed the night's long hours
Sleepless and weeping on his bed—
He knows ye not, ye heavenly powers!"

How well Miss Cushman learned the lesson and paid the cost of her greatness, let a simple and rapid sketch reveal.

She was born, some sixty years ago, or thereabouts, in Boston, one of a family of four children, when, even among those easy-circumstanced in life, purple and fine linen were not the order of the day, but people were content with homespun and plain ways. Charlotte grew up from babyhood in the sturdy, healthy life of those old New-England years, until she was twelve years old, amid the ordinary joys and sorrows of childhood. But then came stern trouble in the life of her family that proved the turning-point in the future of the coming great actress, though it may be almost absurd to fix on any one fact as a pivot on which to swing the whole bearing and outcome of a really great and gifted nature. Mr. Cushman failed, and for this little family that terrible word meant—what it has meant so many times since—penury, hard, grinding struggle, broken pride, a bitter wound both to spirit and body, where there had been before affluence and unruffled enjoyment of easy-going life. But the mother came of the noblest type of New-England women, and the harsh strain brought out her patient, steadfast energy, for she had four children, and on her devolved mostly the task of keeping the wolf from the door.

Charlotte was the eldest of the children, and became her mother's chief helpmate and confidante in the struggle to live. Thus early was she matured, by becoming the sharer in heavy burdens, and learned the lessons of long-suffering and endurance. "Many a night," she said, "I have lain awake, watching my mother walking the room, nigh distracted, she not knowing which way to turn or what to do—I fearing that she would rush from the house, and drown herself in the sea."

It was debated what the young girl could do to help eke out the meagre resources of the family, and constitute a means of self-subsistence in after-years. She had a deep, rich voice, full of a subtle music, and a way of singing little tunes that went straight to the heart of those that heard her. Mrs. Cushman thought she had found the solution of the problem, and that her child might learn to sing and become a teacher, little suspecting then that this future "singing" was to be a grand organ-chant that would cover the whole diapason of passion and sentiment, and voice aloud

"The still, sad music of humanity."

Captain Mackay, the founder of the firm of the "Chickerings," was an acquaintance of the family. He said to the mother: "Bring her here—we have a young teacher who comes to play on our piano, and I will arrange it that he shall give her lessons." So the young girl commenced to play and sing, working with the same vehemence and resolution that wrought such results in after-years. After a time she got an engagement in a Boston choir, and her first public appearance was

in the chorus of the Handel and Haydn Society.

So the Cushman family toiled and drifted along for five years, the mother working hard in keeping boarders, Charlotte giving music-lessons, and singing in church and concert—for she now had budded into womanhood, and developed a rich and powerful contralto voice, which made her talked about in the musical cliques of Boston.

The way began to open little by little. There came to Boston to give a brief opera-season, the well-known operatic artists, Mr. and Mrs. Wood. This, be it remembered, was in our happy days of Arcadian simplicity, when it was not needful for an artist to be a foreigner and unable to speak English to win a fair share of public favor. Mrs. Wood was in a quandary to secure a competent contralto to sing duets with her at the Saturday-evening concerts. At last, chance directed her to the young girl at Chickering's music-rooms. On trying the voice, the experienced artist was astonished and delighted at its depths and sweetness. Here was a prize indeed for her. So Charlotte sang duets with her several times, and the public was no less pleased than had been the prima donna. Then Mrs. Wood asked her to sing a part in Mozart's opera of "The Marriage of Figaro," The powerful art-instincts of the young girl's nature had already awakened into a hungry eagerness, and we can fancy the timid delight with which she received the proposition. It was true, she would needs run in debt to pay for her dress, but nothing must intervene to prevent such a chance. Our young *débutante* did her work thoroughly, put her very best into it, as she had learned even then to do always. The noble voice, the casual gleams of intense dramatic force—it were a pity that these should be lost to the world of art. So thought Mrs. Wood, and she proposed to her conductor, Maeder, that he should educate these splendid possibilities for the lyric stage. Maeder was a hard, shrewd man, with a keen eye to the main chance. "Well, yes! he would take her as a pupil, but on one condition: she must sign articles with him for three years." Most of our readers know something about the old apprenticeship system. In Charlotte's case it meant this: Maeder was to give her music-lessons; in return she was to be his drudge and thrall, sing when and how he chose in public, and only get the benefit of half of what she might earn, no matter how great her success should be. It was, perhaps, well for the young Charlotte that she, in her inexperience, did not know all that this apprenticeship implied; but, with her wealth of youth and hope, with mighty thoughts and instincts knocking hard at the gates of consciousness, even a worse prospect would have seemed joyous and rose-colored.

The *dées* worked hard with her master, and every thing went smoothly till Maeder married a lady with a contralto voice. A new factor then entered the problem which introduced unlooked-for complications. It was no longer conducive to his interests that Charlotte should sing contralto. So the maestro commenced to cultivate her high head tones. What cared he for Nature, and the interests

of his pupil? He had an absolute lease of her for three years, and he would mould her his own way in spite of Nature, so he could make money by her.

When Maeder made an engagement with Caldwell, in New Orleans, for opera, Miss Cushman was included at a salary of twenty-five dollars per week, of which, of course, she was to have but the half. Here she came before the public in such operas as "The Marriage of Figaro," "Cinderella," "Rob Roy," "Barber of Seville," etc.

But something happened now which, apparently a terrible catastrophe, was yet the brightest of blessings in disguise. It ended this prelude in her art-life, and planted her feet in the shining track wherein she was to walk with so lofty and queen-like a tread. Her voice failed. Nature had been tortured and violated to such an excess, in compelling her to use the high head registers, that the inevitable reaction came. Charlotte Cushman's power of singing was forever destroyed. It is easy to imagine what a fierce wave of despair at first surged over this young girl's heart. Far from home and friends, without means, her salary and occupation swept away from her at a single stroke of Fate, what should she do? There are some moments, in the existence of gifted and aspiring souls, of such utterly black and rayless misery that life seems a cruel mistake. But the very intensity of such moods is perhaps the best guarantee of a speedy and elastic rebound. Besides, it was not in the nature of Charlotte Cushman, young as she even then was, to be anything long but patient, resolute, undaunted, although a full self-revelation had not yet made her what she shortly afterward became—

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Had ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition."

She went to Caldwell, the manager, and stated her misfortune to him. The veteran had watched her closely as she sang her parts, and his practised eye had taken a shrewd gauge of her powers. He smiled cheerily, as he said:

"My child, you were not born for a great singer, but for an actress. As a singer, you never would succeed; as an actress, you may."

Well, there was some encouragement in these words, but they were not the less bewildering. The dream of a musical life had been so long familiar to her thoughts that it is not strange if it took her a little time to clear away the wreck. The very certainty with which she was so soon able to dismiss all lingering regrets, and plunge enthusiastically into a new purpose, is perhaps the best proof that the manager's fiat was full of critical wisdom. Would he give her a chance on the dramatic stage?

Manager Caldwell promised an early opening, and the ambitious girl was daring, in the words of Hamlet: "We'll even to it like French falconers; fly at any thing we see." She was grown large and stately of person, and would play nothing less than *Lady Macbeth*. Rather a venturesome ordeal, this, for a beginner; but perhaps the plumes of her genius were already commencing to rustle themselves for flight. Besides, the public

had stately notions then, and could not unbend half-way; they would either have

"... . . . Gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes', or Pelop's, line,
Or the fate of Troy divine;"

or else Momus should grin under his most grotesque mask. So Charlotte Cushman was announced for Shakespeare's most powerful female character, perhaps his most intense and subtle creation.

But she had no dress to wear, and no money to buy one (for such gross and earthly necessities will intervene to weigh down our ideal frenzies). As a last resource, she was obliged to borrow of the good-natured tragedienne of the French theatre, and there was no end of ingenuity and needlework before the voluminous robes of the fat French woman could be made to fit the slender proportions of our young actress.

At last every thing was ready, the important evening arrived, and Charlotte stalked over the boards in her trying rôle, which has since become such a favorite one with her. We suspect the part was badly enough done; but the audience proved generous and sympathetic, and she came off with flying colors.

The engagement in New Orleans was, of necessity, a short one, and the aspirant for histrionic fame had to look for a new field. The eyes of ambitious spirits in that day turned to New York, as the great goal and centre of effort, as they have done ever since. Charlotte would come to New York and try her fortunes. So far she had found life a hard battle, and done little more than keep body and soul together. But hope whispered of better things. There were two managers to whom she could apply—Hamblin of the Bowery, and Simpson of the Old Park, the latter being the fashionable theatre, where could be seen nightly the beauty and *élite* of New York. Around Simpson were gathered many names which have not yet ceased to be honored traditions among old theatre-goers. At this time there were Mrs. Wheatley and her two daughters, John Mason, Fredericks, Peter Richings, Chippendale, Mrs. Vernon, Mrs. Hillson, *et id genus omne*. Of course, it was natural that Charlotte should wish to shine in this galaxy; but Mr. Simpson told her plainly he had no opening for her. There was no more ado but to apply to Hamblin.

The manager of the Bowery had her rehearse various parts to him in his office, and fancied that he detected the ring of genuine metal. She was immediately engaged for three years, the first year at the rate of twenty-five dollars a week. Here, indeed, seemed a little streak of sunshine, but it was not to last long. There were but four weeks for her to prepare herself and collect her wardrobe. She must incur a debt of three hundred dollars, which seemed to her an awful incubus. But there was no escape. So day and night she studied and plied her needle. But adverse destiny had not yet done buffeting her. In the very first week of her ardent preparation, when every second of time seemed golden, and there were so many pressing things to be done that she hardly knew which to do first, a severe rheumatic fever pinned her supine to her back. How the eagle spirit must have

beaten against the prison-bars in this new agony! The great chance of her life, and how fast it was slipping away! Hard work, lack of friends, public indifference, these could be met and conquered. But this grinning, inexorable fiend of disease had laid his finger on her, and she was stretched out, palsied, and helpless, all her glowing hopes fading away like a summer mirage. Time slipped away on lightning-wings. Three weeks out of the four had passed, and still she was weak and feeble. The manager looked at her ominously as he occasionally came to see how she was getting on. She must make an effort, even if it killed her. The doctor consented to give her sulphur-baths, and these, with her own unconquerable spirit, raised her to her feet. She was prompt to the call on the first night, though she was a wan, pale, woe-begone figure to make a *début* before a strange audience. But she made a strong impression. The sheath might be worn, dull, shabby; but the sword of the spirit inside flashed with a sharp, bright, glittering light.

The young actress had always been a loving and dutiful daughter, and now the brightening prospect seemed to warrant her in her long-cherished hope. She could send for her mother, who was still in Boston, drudging in the misery of a boarding-house life, and they could live together. So Mrs. Cushman came to New York, bringing with her the little boy, the pet and youngest of the family. The affectionate daughter and sister had now a home of her own, something to love and labor for besides the mere desire of fame. But here, again, misfortune clouded her life. Fate had not done with disciplining her moral strength, by placing rude and terrible stumbling-blocks in her path. The Bowery Theatre was burned to the ground, and with it the hardly-obtained wardrobe, still unpaid for, and her engagement with Hamblin. There was no time, however, to indulge in any sentimental luxury of despair, for she had others dependent on her, whose helplessness cried aloud with a more potent voice than her own misfortune.

She managed to get an engagement at a little provincial theatre at Albany, then under the management of Blake, who afterward filled so honorable a niche in American art. To be sure, the salary was small, the labor constant, and not pleasing to the ambition of one conscious of great power, but this American girl had already learned the lesson that comes home to all strong natures who have the steadfast patience of hope—to do the work that lay nearest her hand resolutely and thoroughly. It were well enough for the petty conceit of second-rate actors to grumble at "parts," and swell with disgust when not measured by their own standard. Charlotte played any and all *rôles* assigned to her without a murmur, for she felt confident that the time was approaching when great parts would seek her, and not she the parts. After a while the death of her little brother, who had been the pet and joy of her heart, and who had been sent up into New England for his health, wounded her most tenderly, and she felt that she must have some change; so she came back to New York, and secured an engagement at the Park Theatre, to do "util-

ity business." Here she played every thing, old women and young boys, soldiers, beggars, and bar-maids, walked on with a banner, spoke two words as a footman, or sang in the chorus, earning thereby a bare living. This was perhaps not very encouraging to one who looked up to the lofty heights of dramatic fame, but it was grand drill. The young actress was learning her art in all its details, and this stern apprenticeship was not without its marks on the great career which was to come. Though the work had so much of drudgery, the powerful genius was not idle. Miss Cushman was studying the greater parts, and searching out the elements of strength, which underlie the finer creations of the dramatic poets. The spiritual stature was growing, though external conditions continued so rigid and unbending.

The young married sister of Charlotte now came to live with her, and she felt it necessary, not only that their means of support should be enhanced, but that a terrible misfortune, over which the mind of that sister was brooding, should be in some measure forgotten in the sense of active employment. So she secured a part for her to play. The two sisters made their appearance on the stage together. Charlotte urged the manager to increase their salaries, hers to twenty-five dollars a week, her sister's to twelve. Mr. Simpson refused, and the Cushman sisters left him and went into the stock-company of Burton's Theatre, at Philadelphia. It was not long before she was called back to the Park at her own terms; it was found difficult to replace one who did so many things thoroughly well.

In a few months, however, there was a further feud with the manager, and Charlotte felt and exercised her power, for it was on her sister's account, and not her own. A certain New-York journalist had a lady friend whom he wished to have Mr. Simpson engage for his company. The good parts of Susan Cushman would suit the new-comer. Journalists then, as now, had a very potent method of enforcing their wishes with theatrical managers, and the latter were perhaps even more obsequious. So Mr. Simpson obeyed the dictate of the critic, and announced the change to Miss Charlotte Cushman. The latter protested with stormy and resolute words, and at last threatened to resign. The manager was in a quandary; he could not afford to offend his editorial friend, neither would it do to drive away the most useful member of his company.

The critic, of course, heard of the turmoil, and addressed a letter to Charlotte, in which he threatened that, "if Miss Cushman did not tread carefully, she should be driven from the stage, if there was any virtue in a New-York audience, or power in the New-York press." This audacious impertinence roused the high-spirited actress to the extreme pitch of indignation. She took the matter to a very prominent editor for advice. He prepared an article, in which the case was fully characterized in the language it deserved, and it was printed in the morning issue. That night a tremendous audience gathered to see our actress in the character of *Lady Gay Spanker*. The interest was generally heightened by an

anticipation of something like a "row," or, at least, a powerful clique, organized to hiss down the heroine of the evening. But when, in the play, *Maz Harkaway* says, "Look, look, here comes *Lady Gay Spanker* across the lawn at a hand-gallop," there was such a stormy shout of acclamation as set forever at rest any doubts of the hold of Miss Cushman on the public.

When the news came that Macready, the most eminent tragedian of the time, was about to cross the Atlantic, Miss Cushman had the management of a Philadelphia theatre. The tidings thrilled through the breast of the actress as with a mighty prophecy. Here might be at last her great opportunity. She had been working and waiting for years, she had spent long, midnight hours during the whole of her career in profound study, she had consecrated the whole of her strength and intellect in preparation for a great artwork. She instantly gave up her theatre, and refreshed her memory of certain great parts by renewed study, such as *Lady Macbeth*, *Emilia*, *Mrs. Haller*, *Bianca*, etc. The great Englishman met the young American actress, and recognized a kindred soul immediately. Here was no crude, conceited provincial, but a gifted, cultured artist, self-reliant, yet docile, equally full of enthusiasm and humility. Macready said to himself, "Here is the woman above all others to support me in my American tour," and he instantly engaged her without seeking further. It was one of the glorious facts in the life of this great man, as it was in that of his illustrious rival, Forrest, that genuine merit and struggling worth always appealed to him with a powerful sympathy, that yielded rich fruits of kindness and encouragement. So Charlotte Cushman found a noble and generous friend, and those who have heard her speak of him know well in what affection and reverence she holds his memory. Charlotte drank deep of the inspiration of his genius, and profited vastly by the teachings of his consummate experience during that somewhat lengthy tour through the principal cities of the country. One of the most healthy signs of true genius is the largeness of that receptive faculty which absorbs the lessons of a wisdom and culture wider than its own. The law of hero-worship, however it may have been exaggerated by Carlyleism, is deep and vital in its relations to intellectual growth. Shakespeare, in one of his sonnets, has coined a pungent and suggestive phrase, "art tongued by authority," which forcibly expresses that conventionalism so often imposed by reverence for great models on those artists and thinkers, not moved by any special impulse of original creation. This unconscious imitation is common, perhaps, to all for a time, but it is only mere talent in art which fails, at last, to get rid of the temporary bondage, the richer and stronger for the experience. Beethoven, for a long period, was under the potent sway of Handel's genius; Tennyson, during his earlier period, was under the spell of the "Lake Poetry," but who shall say that they have cleft the skies with the less daring and dazzling wing? Miss Cushman was, unquestionably, strongly influenced by Macready's art-methods, but it

would be presumptuous to assume that her native energy and creative force were in the least vitiated by the magnetic schooling at the hands of this great exemplar of her earlier life.

When Miss Cushman parted from Macready, his last words were, "Go to England, where your talents will be appreciated at their true value." She had succeeded in saving some six hundred dollars, which seemed a great amount to her, for it had been hardly earned. How could she spend it better than in following Macready's advice? She was twenty-seven years of age, in the full perfection of her physical prime, and she felt that, if she could but make a success in London, her fame and fortune would be assured beyond a peradventure. So she sailed for Liverpool, attended only by a young waiting-maid, and with two letters, one to Mr. Everett, the American minister, the other to Mrs. Hall, the authoress. At Liverpool she found letters awaiting her arrival from Macready, urging her to come to Paris, where he was playing an engagement with the celebrated Miss Helen Faucit. He could not assure her first-class parts; still, she would have a beginning. The reply was: "Can I have *Lady Macbeth*? I will accede to your wishes in all other things." The tragedian could not promise her this, for Miss Faucit had become alarmed at his praises of this wonderful young American, and would not risk one doit of her sovereignty. So Charlotte remained quietly in England, traveling about from place to place to see the leading lights of the stage.

In the life of every true art-worker there comes an epoch when the every-day necessities which encompass the life like fog and clouds clear away, and the glorious ideals shine above like the stars in an unclouded sky. Before, there have been the constant struggles with uncongenial surroundings, the imperative duty of toiling for a mere subsistence, the yoking of the ardent soul to mere hackwork and stupid mechanism, with only an occasional gleam of the stars through the troubled sky. Goethe, with one of those wise but bitter sneers with which his serene and mellow thought is sometimes curdled, calls the early period the "bread-and-butter epoch," and queries why Fate decrees that the processes of starving the soul and feeding the body should be correlative. Our heroine had emerged from this part of her life, and would henceforth keep her eyes fixed on the clear and unclouded stars.

But waiting was tedious, and both body and mind were sick in this strange land, where there were no friends, for her letters had failed to be of any use to her. Through a Liverpool manager she became acquainted with one of the well-known journalists of London, and was introduced to the leading theatrical people. But these had nothing she would take. Buckstone could do nothing; Webster, of the Haymarket, was full; and Maddox, of the Princess's, only offered her a chance infinitely beneath her ambition. The prospect looked rather gloomy; her supply of money was small; and she lived with Spartan frugality, lest she should be left penniless ere she should accomplish her end, for she had sworn in her soul to appear in Lon-

don in a part which should give her a great opportunity, or else she would not appear at all. She felt sure that one such chance would be the golden key to unlock the gates of professional fame and dignity. But the terrible "meanwhile" gaped like a black abyss before her.

At last, through some kind friends, she was offered the opportunity of going to Paris, where her friend Macready was acting. She would go over and advise with him, although the journey would eat considerably into the bowels of her precious little hoard. The tragedian received her kindly, but reproached her for having refused his previous offer. He repeated it, and his indomitable listener again reiterated her fixed purpose. We can imagine a strong touch of admiration in the words with which he rebuked her seeming obstinacy:

"Fortune presents you a flowing bowl, and you rudely push it away from you."

The lovely and bewitching Helen Faucit, with whom Macready was playing, was one of the idols of the time. Extremely beautiful in person, her acting was charged with the utmost sweetness, tenderness, suppleness, and grace. In such characters as *Pauline* and *Juliet* she was ravishing, and the poets of the day exercised their wits without ceasing in pouring out sonnets to her beauty and genius. Without the deep imaginative charm with which Miss O'Neil idealized her characters, lacking the dignity and repose which rounded and beautified the style of Ellen Tree, Miss Faucit had a witchery peculiarly her own. She was something so different in character of genius from what Miss Cushman recognized in herself, that there was no room but for simple admiration. Manager Mitchell had had some trouble with *la belle Faucit*, and was anxious to whip the fair rebel back into traces. So, at the instigation perhaps of Macready, he offered "leading business" to Miss Cushman. The latter disdained to build her own promotion on the downfall of another. She could remain in obscurity, she could return to the old subordinate drudgery, but she could not soil her own fine sense of professional honor. She knew Macready's persistence and magnetism, and, rather than subject herself to more urging, she fled back to England without another interview.

The long-destined chance was to grow indirectly out of the feud between Forrest and Macready. The American had followed his English rival from place to place, playing against him in the same characters. He had come to Paris on the same mission, and there he met Maddox, of the Princess's, who was on the outlook for something that would revive his waning business. The two soon came to terms. Forrest asked, "Whom have you got to play with me?" The manager suggested several, but they would not do. At last he thought of the American actress. "There is your countrywoman, Miss Cushman," said he. "Ah!" replied Forrest, "that is excellent. Get her, and the arrangement is made."

Maddox hastened to London, and proceeded straight to Miss Cushman's humble lodgings. He soon made known his business, but Charlotte was reticent and apparently in-

different, though her heart had jumped to her throat. The manager became more pressing. She said, "I will accede on certain conditions. In the first place, ten pounds a night; in the second, I must have one night, before Forrest comes, for my *début* in a great part. I will play *Bianca*." Maddox struggled and pleaded, but was finally compelled to yield.

The great chance had at last come. There was no time to sound journalistic trumpets over the new actress — hardly time to announce the performance properly through the regular channels. The actors who were to support Miss Cushman were lazy, scornful, and indifferent, about this audacious woman who had come from provincial America, and had never been heard of. So there were heavy odds to work against; but Miss Cushman, in her joy that she had fought her way to an opening, already felt assured of triumph.

That Thursday night big with her fate arrived, and the curtain went up on a cold and meagre audience. The first two acts passed tamely enough, for the company supporting her seemed utterly indifferent to their work. But, in the third act, the audience commenced to look at each other and wonder, and their hearts to burn. The passionate intensity of the *Bianca* electrified, too, the inert stocks with which she was surrounded, and they were involuntarily swept, by the magnetic power that seemed to radiate from her, into something like *rappor* in their own acting. But, in the fourth act, Miss Cushman carried every thing before her. The mighty passion and agony of the last great scene was so overpowering that the actress fainted away at its close, and she had to be supported in front of the curtain to acknowledge the continued and tumultuous thunders of applause with which that English audience welcomed the rise of another great light on their dramatic horizon.

She slept that night with an infinite peace in her heart. The triumph that she had looked forward to and labored over for ten long years of anguish, suffering, toil, and want of appreciation, had at last come, and in such full measure as to gratify her utmost wishes. Now the way was clear before her, and it only remained to run a swift and easy race. The congratulations of the London world poured in on her the next morning, and her great powers were the chief talk of the day. Distinguished authors and men of letters paid their homage at the shrine of her genius, and found that the character behind the genius was no less admirable. There had been but a single step between insignificance and a splendid celebrity. For eighty-five successive nights Miss Cushman appeared before great audiences in the cities of England, only to deepen and strengthen the impression she had made on the public mind.

Five years were spent in England in a series of grand art-triumphs, that seemed to recall the palmy days of the British stage. This land, so hospitable to her genius, became dear to her, and she sent for her family to enjoy the fruits of her great success, and England became almost her adopted country. It was during this period that Miss Cushman struck out in one white heat of conception the ter-

rible creation of *Meg Merrilies*, with which her name will be forever associated. She had already appeared in conjunction with the celebrated tenor, Braham, during his first visit to this country, in the romantic musical drama of "Guy Mannering," at New York. But the music, and not the acting, then had been the leading feature. During her engagement with Maddox, the manager learned that she had "done" *Meg*, and, as he had an operatic company on his hands, he thought he might add the effect of the latter to the attraction of the new dramatic star. Miss Cushman for a long time resisted the managerial pleadings, but at last good-humoredly consented. The rôle of the old gypsy had hitherto been a subordinate one, mostly valuable as furnishing a dramatic *motif* for the music. As Miss Cushman restudied the words, she was convinced of the sublime possibilities of the part, and her imagination haunted with the thought of a new creation in art, which should be unique in its character. When, in the second act, the awful figure of the gypsy sprang on the stage, audience and actors gazed spellbound, for the whole atmosphere seemed filled with the weird and potent presence. It was no longer the old feudal retainer of a Scotch laird, whose highest virtue was devotion to her clan and lord; it was the sublime apparition of the old Greek Pythoness, or the Norse Vala, shrieking her incantations from the inspired tripod, though draped in the picturesque rags of a modern outcast. The whole dramatic tone of the conception was colored

"With hue like that when some great painter dips
His pencil in the gloom of earthquake and
eclipse."

It was instantly recognized as a great and original creation, which would stand prominent forever in the histrionic portrait-gallery, and the actress added another broad and splendid leaf to her chapter.

During the five years that Miss Cushman remained in England, she tried the dangerous experiment of assuming the part of *Romeo* to her sister's *Juliet*. This was done entirely for that dear sister's sake, and the two appeared together for thirty nights with perfect success. The constant labor of that five years, the excitement of a continual triumph, finally wore on the strong frame of the great actress, and she succumbed to a sickness which was dangerous and protracted. When she recovered, her heart whispered her to return to the land of her birth, and give to her countrymen the ripe fruits of the genius which they had failed to recognize at its full power, even though she had won from them the pet name of "Our Charlotte."

Miss Cushman's history since is familiar to most: her lofty devotion to her art for so many years; her long residence in Rome, where she was the centre of a brilliant intellectual circle, and her culture, ever on the alert for new material, absorbed the finest influences of literature, art, and thought; her several visits to America, and her interpretations of the dramatic poets on the stage and from the reading-desk.

But the most valuable and suggestive part of the great artist's life is always that which precedes its recognized triumphs. If our

article has presented this in a clear and graphic picture, it is enough. Yet, before dismissing the subject, it would be ungrateful not to allude briefly to Miss Cushman's rank in art—a place peculiarly individual and unique. This is not the occasion for an elaborate critical discussion, as the subject has already swelled the original bounds assigned for it, but a few words will be in keeping with our purpose.

Miss Cushman is primarily distinguished by the searching and all-dominant intellectualism with which she has injected every vein and fibre of her art-life. In this respect she has probably brought a richer gift to her work than any contemporary. She does not belong to that class of clever and effective artists who reach a dramatic conception by virtue of a wide and sensitive sympathy, and feel their way toward truth and Nature under the mere guardianship of a fine instinct. On the other hand, the law underlying her methods presents itself to us as involving, at the outset, a vast amount of cold, intellectual work. In the realization of a great emotional fact in art, Miss Cushman seems to project it purely as an intellectual image to be cut and carved and finished with the sculptor's chisel, before she accepts it, and gives it the life and strength of personal reality. Therefore her art rises high above the domain of experiment. There may be at times a certain formality and rigidity growing out of this fine sense of relation in dramatic grouping and interaction of motive, but the gain of the cultivated hearer is the greater for it, though he may miss certain elements of grace and fluent motion on account of studied and elaborate effects. Charlotte Cushman's intellectualism as an actress is further shown in that unequalled fitness with which her readings, what is technically known as "stage business," and each trivial detail of action, are matched with the conception underlying them all, whose magnetism sometimes rages too swiftly to wait for slow forms.

Miss Cushman's careful and finished limitation of outlines in dramatic representation may at times be fatal to the appearance of spontaneity in acting, but the result is enormous intensity. All the concentrated heat and energy are directed to purposes rigidly fixed, as by a mathematical law. There is no escape or waste of passion. Her chosen method is the seizure of the salient points of a character, with a disdain of its trivialities. Her dramatic genius flashes in a swift, straight line, the shortest distance between two points. There are none of those sinuous, serpentine curves of exquisite grace, with which Rachel undulated from one statuesque pose to another; none of the play of sunlight in mellow, half-tints of dissolving light and shade, which was so charming in Ristori, though she, too, was terribly intense at times. Miss Cushman rather lights up a dramatic subject with a series of lightning-flashes, that go direct to their purpose. In the analogies of art, Miss Cushman finds her nearest parallel in Rembrandt, the great Flemish painter. In both we have concentration on salient points, startling effects of light and shadow, profound power of suggestion, and a certain something behind definite impression that

fills the imagination with the fascination of mystery.

The younger generation of play-goers are only familiar with Miss Cushman's histrionic interpretations of *Meg Merrilies*, *Lady Macbeth*, and *Queen Katharine*. The recollection of these renderings will suffice to illustrate the foregoing summary, without further elaboration of detail. Miss Cushman is now mainly confining herself to the reading-desk. There can be no question that her peculiar intellectualism in art is shown even more in her readings than in her acting, notably so in the Shakespearean readings. In the dramas of Shakespeare, the characters have so essential a play of relation, and are so subtle in their bearings on one another, that, unless they are all justly apprehended, the totality of the drama is maimed and marred. No genius on the part of Charlotte Cushman could prevent this on the stage. In the reading-desk she reigns as the sole magician, with the perfect opportunity to express the finest attainments of her thinking and culture. She has but to wave her wand to unlock from the prison-house of Shakespeare's pages all the immortal phantoms that brood within them. It is for her alone to invest them with a splendid and subtle life.

Miss Cushman's devotion to art remains unchanged. For many years she has been among those

"Who live to be the show and gaze of the time." That she may remain so for many years to come, and continue to illustrate her great dramatic conceptions, as none but she can, is the hope of thousands of admirers on both sides of the Atlantic.

GEORGE T. FERRIS.

FLORELLA.

I.—THE BLOSSOM BENEATH DEAD LEAVES.

"YOU say that this anæstress of hers was peculiarly attached to the odor of May-flowers?"

"Yes."

"How singular, then, that we should have happened to be speaking of the young woman on this particular occasion!"

"Yes, very strange," echoed my companion.

We were in the woods looking for the trailing arbutus, or, as my friend called it, the May-flower—that was the local name. The day was chilly and gray, but an occasional light would burst through the translucent mists high overhead, and pour its gilded rays upon some little spot of earth—now on a pool in the neighboring swamp; again into some moist hollow of a meadowy hill-slope; or, falling through one of the larger spaces between the overarching boughs, would let its brooding brilliance rest upon the damp and rotting leaves of the previous autumn. It was still early in spring, and the boughs had not put forth their leaves—only the maples faintly reddened their shoots, and the forest-roof beneath which we walked was one of bare boughs only.

It was very still and solitary in the woods.

For a half-hour we had been out of sight of all the nearest houses. Not a single bird-note disturbed the silence, but the dry twigs snapped beneath our feet as we tramped on, and now and then, in some especially damp spot, the mossy ground and thick-pressed leaves would wheeze heavily as we passed over them. We came to a long ditch filled with black water, and too wide to leap with safety. We searched about for means to cross it, and at last found a narrow timber laid over it at one point. It looked old and gray, but I ventured out upon it. As I rested my full weight on the log, it yielded and seemed about to crack. I made a spring toward the opposite bank, and succeeded in reaching it safely. Turning, I saw that the timber had indeed given way in the middle, so that the two halves had become shafts of an obtuse angle, with its apex touching the black and scummy surface of the water. The fine powder from the cracking of the wood still scattered its particles in the air, and I smelled its faint, dry odor.

"You're lucky!" cried my friend. "Go on; don't wait for me."

A strange sensation of pleasure at being alone on this side of the trench seized upon me, and I took my friend at his word. Pushing through the underbrush before me, I tramped into the wood. For a time I heard him thumping about on the other side of the ditch, but the sound was soon left behind. I looked diligently under the leaves for arbutus as I went along, but without success. I only found a few red mosses, like miniature trumpets, and some low, wandering sprays of the partridge-vine. All at once a delicate and penetrating odor, by which I did not know at first whether I was more saddened or entranced, crept through the cool air toward me, and invaded my senses.

"That is the arbutus," I murmured. I advanced rapidly in the direction whence the perfume seemed to come, thrusting aside the dead leaves in my path with my walking-stick. I found no flowers, but the delicate scent grew continually stronger. Suddenly, I came to a small circular space among the trees, and paused, overpowered. A transient splendor fell from the sky, and lighted up the opening. In the midst stood a beautiful girl, clothed in a dress that seemed to have been colored with the sap of pale June-roses. The sun illuminated her golden hair and her high, ethereal face. She held her hat in her hand, which was full of small, compact pink flowers. I saw that this was the source of the enchanting perfume. For an instant we stood confronting each other without speaking. Then, hardly knowing what I said:

"Have I not seen you before?" I cried.

"What is your name?"

She smiled; she looked at me, then at herself and her basket of May-flowers, and answered, in a voice that seemed changing from a laugh to a song, without being precisely either:

"Call me Florella, if you like!"

Then, before I could collect my senses, or at all fix the reality of the scene, she had turned and disappeared behind a screen of white birch saplings. I heard a rustling and hurrying sound, like the drumming flight of a

partridge, then the singing voice bursting into laughter at a little distance, and after that all was still.

I entered the open space, and looked around. Mechanically I thrust about with my stick among the leaves, partially also to make sure that the ground whereon she had stood was real. I discovered that May-flowers were growing abundantly under the leaves all about the inclosure. The air still seemed saturated with their sweetness. But at this juncture my friend appeared on the spot.

"Aha!" he cried; "here we have them at last. Come, fill your pockets!"

I stooped down and picked up a single one of the blossoms that lay loose upon the ground as if it had fallen from Florella's basket. An instantaneous languor seemed to have entered my veins. I lost all interest in the May-flowers, and my friend's eagerness grated upon me. The sunlight remained shining upon the place, but the indescribable life and loveliness it had spread over the scene when the strange girl stood there had unaccountably vanished.

"I want no more," I said. "This one will do. Come, let us leave this wood."

II.—QUESTIONS.

"WHAT is the matter? Who has been here?" asked my friend. "You have been talking with some one."

It was strange I should fancy that I could detect something in his manner indicating a sort of suppressed jealousy.

"You are right," I said. "There was somebody here a moment ago. But come away, and I will describe her to you."

"Her! Was it a woman?"

I described Florella's appearance—the pale-pink dress, the high, ethereal face, and the golden hair.

"Yes, yes," said he, hurriedly, as I spoke. "That is she."

"You know her, then?" I asked.

"Ah," he answered; "know her? That is a difficult question. Can a man ever say that he really knows any woman?"

By this time we had reached the edge of the wood opposite to the point where we had entered. The drowsy languor that had overcome me after my brief interview with Florella seemed to be rapidly passing off.

"You prevaricate," said I. "I do not care to go into these subtleties. What I want to find out is, whether you know her."

"Ah, yes, yes; I suppose I do," said he, with the air of a man who has been detected in some dreaminess that will not bear the light of common-sense, and who at once lets himself down to the level of ordinary comprehension. "It is the girl we were speaking of—she who is so fond of May-flowers."

I was seized with an intense curiosity as to this beautiful young woman, for my companion's explanation proved that my impression of having seen her before was founded only in fancy. At the same time, the feeling of some strange, unfathomable familiarity and naturalness about her piqued and pleasantly stimulated me. The more I breathed the fresh, odorless air of the upland, to which we had now come, the less did that languorous weakness of the woods oppress me. But,

in proportion as that disappeared, this biting curiosity entered more deeply into me.

"But is her name really Florella?" I asked, obeying the new impulse.

"I have sometimes called her so," he replied. "And she calls herself so, too."

"Then it is not really her name," I persisted. "It is only a freak."

"I cannot tell," said my friend.

I was irritated with the moody and unsatisfactory nature of his answers.

"Since you will tell me nothing of her," I exclaimed, with something of anger in my tone, "I will find it out for myself. I will know her, at any rate, without any quibble. And, if any one asks me—"

I did not finish speaking, for I was fixed by the strange gaze my companion bent upon me. It was a look, as I afterward thought, in recalling it, of skeptical pity and of curiosity—not vulgar curiosity, but the curiosity of a thorough investigation.

"If you wish to know her," he said, slowly, as if once more wrapping himself up in his fancies, and abandoning the effort to be understood, "you will find her at the old house yonder."

I followed the direction of his outstretched finger, and saw a square and solid ancient house of brick, standing on a gentle rise of land near the highway, with two stout chimneys issuing through the roof, and fruit-trees growing, twisted and bare, around it. I was conscious of a deep relief, in beholding it, as if, up to that moment, I had not altogether believed in the reality of Florella's existence.

III.—THE PRESENT ROOTS IN THE PAST.

I did not approach the house closely that day; but, making a *détour*, on my way home, I walked entirely around it, at a considerable distance. In doing this, I was conscious of a secret exultation, such as I had already felt on escaping from my friend across the black ditch into the heart of the wood.

Yet, when I reached my own room, I saw that I had lost something from my usual store of contentment by the events of the morning. Was it possible that I had already begun to love the visionary maiden in the old brick house?

I was unable to fix my attention on any thing but the arbutus-blossom which I had brought from the wood. I sat meditatively gazing at it in the slender glass vase in which I had set it; and, as I did so, the impression deepened in my mind that, in some way, this flower was to prove a clew to Florella's character. As the perfume had originally revealed her presence in the wood, so also it might happen that my new possession would reveal some deep-implanted truth in her. Would that truth relate, perchance, to the union of my life with hers?

The young man with whom I had gone out that morning was an acquaintance of recent date only. He was resident in this region; but I had come thither merely with the hope of refreshing my over-excited system by a quiet, rural life for a few months. We were not living in the same house, and I had only seen him at uncertain intervals. We had talked together of the arbutus, and he had told me how certain persons, in his knowledge, were

subject to strong feelings of repulsion for its sweet and penetrating odor.

"Have you no counterbalancing cases?" I asked, laughing. "For it is my intention to become a follower and disciple of this flower that you describe with such enthusiasm, and your accounts discourage me."

He hesitated, and then said, in a low, undecided voice: "Yes, one case, at least."

"And what is that?" said I.

Upon this, he related the story of Florella's ancestress. A century and a half back, there had lived a noble young English lady, who, though surrounded by would-be friends, and housed in luxury, was supremely unhappy. Love was not wanting to her, for she loved, and was beloved; but the man to whose heart she had given herself was poor, and not of noble family. They were separated, and he consigned himself to a life-long exile from England, in order that at least the grief of nearness without communion might be spared them. But she, left to endure alone both sorrows and weary inactivity, drooped rapidly, and nothing sufficed to restore to her the forgotten zest of life. Repentance for their interference, on the part of friends and parents, could not now avail, for the lover's whereabouts were undiscoverable. Death seemed likely to ensue—that death which, after all, they perhaps dreaded less than the lady's union with the man who alone could give her happiness—but, whatever fears may have been entertained of such an ending to her sorrows, they were forestalled by the lady's sudden and complete disappearance. Urged by despair, and a feeling of revolt against the home that had become a prison, she had fled from England. In due time, by what disguise or stratagem it is needless to inquire, she reached New England. Some wild hope had taken root beneath the wreck of her happiness that here, in the New World, she might find a new life; and here, if anywhere on earth, recover her lost suitor. For a while it fared but sadly with her quest. But eventually her faith was crowned with visible reward. Straying in the woods, on a day of the moist and mournful spring of New England, she came upon a nest of small pink flowers, that had come to life beneath the perished autumn leaves. Something in the sight of them revived her flagging spirit. Doubtless, being accustomed to support her solitude with any fond and feminine fancy that might offer, she encouraged herself, by comparing this sign of continual revival through decay, with the ultimately possible triumph of her own dismayed and smothered happiness. At least, she may have thought, she could endure through another year of waiting, if, with the returning time of May-flowers, she could be sure of breathing again their delicious fragrance with as fresh a hope as now. She did endure; and when, in the following spring, she sought the flower in its place, she found her husband also. He, too, attracted by some vague suggestion, or who shall say what other subtle force, had nourished his dying hope upon the May-flower's breath. And thus, at last, the modest blossom of the woods, concealed beneath the leaves, as their affection had been covered under the scattered summer of early youth, drew them together. Their

spring had been a late one, but it proved prolific. The lover had become a wealthy trader; for all that he had kept his faith thriving fresh beneath the surface of success; and, when they wedded, they built the old brick house, and lived in joy and affluence there for many years. But the May-flower grew to be a sacred emblem with them; and a passionate attachment to it seemed to have become a constitutional heritage of their descendants, as my friend said. The old stock thus rooted, however, had gradually dwindled until Florella was the only remaining representative of the present generation. In her, then, culminated that history of love and faith; with her rested the present result of that seed of beauty planted in the past.

I could not but be conscious of a certain solemnity in the thought of cherishing an attachment for such a being, sprung from so romantic a circumstance. I asked myself, involuntarily, whether any man could feel himself worthy to have his life involved with hers.

Yet, I would not tolerate the suspicion which had begun to uncoil itself uneasily in my mind—that something more than mere friendship might already have come to subsist between the companion of my walk and this rare girl. Fifty little things in his manner, his words, his gestures, and in his movements about the neighborhood—all of which I had scarcely observed before—now forced themselves uppermost in my recollection, and quickened my alarm. I became rapidly possessed by a sense of necessity for acting—I could no longer remain in my room.

Night was falling when I found myself again in the neighborhood of the ancient house. The early moon rose suddenly, and burned upon my eyes, over the moist and scanty landscape. On my way, I had thought continually of the question which had arisen in my mind, and a certain horror of apprehension had precipitated itself in my thoughts. Something attracted me to a particular window, in which a light was glowing.

I stood silent beneath the gnarled fruit-trees and watched it. Presently, as if something were about to happen which I had all along expected, the curtain was drawn up a little; a hand touched the sash and lifted it. I crept behind the shelter of a lilac's clustered shoots. In a moment I saw that it was indeed Florella who leaned upon the sill, looking out into the night. Then it seemed to me that I perceived again the rich but evanescent odor of the May-flowers, as in the wood. And then I heard Florella's vibrant voice murmuring and rising, and she sang:

"What mystic might, what magic slight,
Has wrapped me in this veil so light?
A vapor round me seems to swim:
All things are like, and each is like to him."

The vague utterance reached my listening ears with a sense that stung me into jealous rage. I no longer heeded discovery. I uttered one entreating moan:

"Florella!" I cried. And then I fled like a shadow.

IV.—SUNSHINE AND DEW.

For a few days I held myself aloof from my friend, and did not approach the old brick house again. I read, took long walks

in other directions, and communed deeply with myself. I even wondered if it were not wiser to quit the neighborhood; to escape the fascination of this sudden passion, and the turmoil into which it seemed likely to cast me; for I no longer doubted, after hearing Florella's song, that it was my friend on whom her thoughts were fixed. And there was something inexplicably sad in the adventure, thus far, even in the brief raptures it had brought me. But I found myself already too closely entangled to permit of flight. So soon, therefore, as the emotion of envy had thrown off its fiercest fumes, I yielded to an increasing curiosity to know the fact, and prepared for an interview with Florella herself. I cast about for a pretext, and my eye fell upon the solitary May-flower in the slim, glass vase. Its freshness was still almost intact; I resolved to carry it to her, with the profession that she must have dropped it from her basket.

As I approached the ancient house, I saw her seated behind a window on the level of my eye. She was stitching busily at some piece of needle-work. Her dress was of an exquisite and aerial green, almost unadorned, as it seemed. It fitted closely about her person, and came up high over the shoulders; but, at the throat, there was an opening, which, bordered on either side by some rougher and darker green, as of thick, small leafage, narrowed, as it descended upon her bosom, to a point. It was almost as if a flower-bud had split its green calyx, and were thrusting up the vigorous grace of her golden head, poised on that so slender but firm neck, and allowing a glimpse of the fair breast, too, below the throat, down to where it was concealed beneath a soft ruffle of lace and muslin. She saw me advancing to the door; quitted her place; and in a moment more stood smiling on the threshold, with the antique hall and winding, rosewood-balustered staircase lying behind her in shadow.

"I thought it would be strange if we saw no more of each other!" she cried.

"Then did you know I had picked up your flower?" I asked, lifting and showing it to her. "I—I came to confess I had taken it."

She drew it instantly from my fingers, and, leading the way within the dark parlor, where she had been sitting, passed before a small looking-glass, and dexterously twined the little blossom into her hair.

"I am so glad you brought it," said she, when this was done. "I have been wanting something all the morning, and now I see that this was it. It gives just the needed touch of color; don't you think so?"

"Then you had really missed it?" asked I, hardly pausing to observe what fresh beauty it seemed to have borrowed from the close contact with her. Somehow, I seemed unable to approach this woman without succumbing to a semi-fatal species of curiosity. I was afflicted by a vague notion that she might have flung this single May-flower in my path as a lure.

"Yes, indeed, I have missed it, as I tell you," she replied. "Are you also fond of May-flowers?"

"That is a thing I am still trying to find

"out," I answered, only half satisfied with her reply.

"Ah! then I shall help you all I can," she said, with a smile. "As for me, my life is almost bound up in May-flowers. I don't know what I should do without them, every year."

"But they are so transient," I objected. "Are you not afraid to say that your life is bound up in them?"

"My friend!" exclaimed Florella, suddenly putting out her hand, and touching my shoulder with it lightly; "why do you put such solemn thoughts into my head?"

"Do not let us talk of it, then," I responded.

There was something miraculous in her touch; I felt as if it had bound me to her forever. It was a direct and pure emanation from her exquisite soul. It did not shock me that she should use this familiarity. It was natural to her, like the taking me into her confidence about the effect of the flower in her hair.

"But," I continued, after a pause—"I wish you would tell me how you got into the wood that day. Did you not have to cross that long, black ditch, to get at the arbutus-bed?"

"Of course," she said. "But what of that?—there is a log to cross by."

"Did you go over on the log?"

"Yes."

"But it broke when I tried it. And I only saved myself by a jump."

Florella laughed. She put her face slightly back, and her throat quivered as she almost sang forth her delicate merriment; while the lace at the sharp bottom-point of the opening on her breast shook—or shivered—like dry snow tossed by the wind.

"It's a wonder that you ever found me!" she said. "And very fortunate that there was no one there to come after you."

Her words flew through my brain as if winged with light. My friend, then, had not seen her since; she did not know of his being with me on that day! I was overwhelmed by a rushing joy. I put a guard upon my tongue, that it might not betray what had so suddenly become a secret. I felt as if bathed in sunshine, and her words fell upon me as softly as if they had been dew. All would go well, hereafter, I told myself. I had triumphed without an effort, for I did not fear for my success, if left free from rivalry. It already seemed, indeed, as if Florella and I were as two blossoms borne upon a single stem. But my happiness made me restless. I broke off my interview with her, and sought the open air.

V.—A TEMPEST.

STRANGELY enough, when I had escaped from Florella's presence, I was beset by renewed doubts concerning the blossom which I had restored to her. She had not answered me with sufficient directness to let me determine whether or not she had purposely left it on the ground at the time of her flight. Then, too, there was the moonlit night-scene before her window. Had she not seen me flying from the place that night? I had now all the assurance of probable success which I

could have desired but a short time before; for it was clear that my friend was not upon terms implying courtship. And yet I was, in fact, as little contented as when I had been all but consumed by jealousy of him. For I found myself continually harassed by a fear that all this had been premeditated on Florella's part. I had come from the city; I had a reputation for wealth; she knew of my presence in the vicinity. Why, then, should she not have thought of engaging my affections, or, at least, of securing for a time my admiration and attention? If she had really put this flower in my path, I could not tell what meaning she might not have attached to it. Perhaps she had formed some superstitious or fanciful belief about it, or had allowed vague hopes to grow up around it; and I dared not think to what I might thus have ignorantly committed myself, in her mind, by bringing it back to her. I shuddered to think that the song I had heard in the moonlight might have had reference to me! At the same time, I was ashamed at my own lack of contentment with the happiness that seemed so freely to promise itself to me. Could it be that the fault was mine, or that I was unprepared to accept Florella in the simplicity with which she seemed ready to give herself to whomsoever might prove worthy of her love? It was natural enough that she should be always surrounded by the atmosphere of spring, concentrated in this sweet perfume that ravished, while it troubled and haunted me. But I nevertheless subjected this also to a cold scrutiny, and could not be at ease without knowing the reason of its being. It seemed the aromatic expression of that subtle will which I suspected in her. If it could have been explained as arising from any palpable source, such as a fancy on her part for distilling the juices of May-flowers secretly, for the purpose of producing peculiar effects, I might have been satisfied, and might even have been willing to submit to the enervating sweetness of it. But I would not consent to surrender myself to her spell without understanding it.

To extricate myself from the labyrinth of perplexities into which I had thus strayed, I made up my mind to seek once more the friend whom of late I had so sedulously avoided.

He met me in apparent good-fellowship. I was less at ease than he, for I was conscious of the withering hate and the storm of jealousy which had obscured all my thoughts of him during the recent days. I soon contrived, however, to bring the conversation to the subject of Florella.

"I see she has attracted you," he said, in a half-careless way, when I mentioned her name.

"Why?" I asked. "Do you keep such close watch of her as to know in what degree she affects all those who come near her?"

He laughed outright.

"I could almost believe," he said, "that you have already gone so far as to be jealous—jealous of me!"

"I confess it," I answered. "I am jealous. And have I not good reason to be so? Here you have been, living in the immediate neighborhood of this exquisite creature I can-

not tell how long, seeing her I do not know how often. What may not already have taken place between you two without my knowledge?"

I had been betrayed into a more direct appeal than I had meant to permit myself. He felt the insolence, and a concealed fire mounted to his eyes; but he pressed his lips together, and kept silence.

"I acknowledge," he said, after a pause, "that there is opportunity for you to make yourself jealous, if you will. But why not rather take me for a friend?"

I looked at him, and he met my gaze firmly; though I could not feel that it was altogether with the aspect of a friend.

"Then, since you are to be a friend, and not a rival," I said, "tell me this: has Florella many admirers?"

"No; not many."

"But you see that she could have many, if she chose, do you not?"

"Yes."

"You do not think, then, that she uses her power wantonly to attract people for whom she really cares nothing?"

"Of that you can judge as well as I."

"I cannot!" said I, stamping my foot. "Listen to me. You know how I met her in the woods that morning. Well, the perfume of her May-flowers overcame me—it intoxicated me. I felt then that it had an influence upon me which I could not fathom. I lost control over myself to a certain extent; and I think that Florella might have possessed herself at that moment of some faculty of mine without my being able to make resistance."

"You are childish," interrupted my acquaintance, and at the same time he chuckled to himself, but whether out of contempt or with some kind of malicious pleasure, I could not decide.

"No, I am not childish!" I cried. "She has possessed herself of my affections. It was by a spell. How should I have come to love her so suddenly if it had been otherwise? Why did I pick up that blossom? Why was it lying there? It is all a trap. I will not allow myself to be ensnared in this way!"

My listener's demeanor changed in an instant. From being careless and inclined to disdain, he became all at once serious and sympathetic. He took my arm, and we walked away together, under an arcade of thinly-tasseled elms.

"I see that you are not trifling," he said, "and I will not trifle either. I understand your situation—it is a difficult one. Promise me, first, that you will not press me beyond the point I shall fix, and I will make a disclosure."

"What is it?" I asked. "I promise."

"I, too, have experienced this singular sensation that you describe. I have felt that spell of the May-flower."

"You!" I exclaimed. In my surprise, I attempted, unconsciously, to draw away my arm in order to look at him the better, but he held me close.

"Yes," he said, "I; but I cannot account for it any more than you. I know, besides, that she has a strange power over the flower

itself. She has sent blossoms in letters, and they have preserved their odor so that, when opened at a distance, they seemed to breathe out a concentrated atmosphere of herself."

"Why, she is a sorceress!" I muttered. "Where did she get this secret?"

"Ah, that is it!" ejaculated my companion. "A secret—a sorceress's secret; that is it!"

We were walking on rapidly beneath the overspreading elms. We held our eyes steadfastly on the ground. I had no wish now that our glances should meet. All at once a fierce thought rose within me.

"Then you loved her, too! Those letters—did she write to you? You have deceived me!—and you love her still!"

He released my arm, and looked up at me speechless. There was a pallor in his face.

"Tell me," I said; "I insist."

His only answer was, "Your promise!"

"I will keep the promise," I retorted; "but, if we part thus now, we must never meet again."

I turned, and walked away a few steps. Then I looked around. He was standing in the shadow of an elm-bole, and I thought his expression seemed like that of secret exultation.

"Is it so?" he cried out. "Will you take yourself off in such haste? Good-by to you, then."

VI.—THE FLOWER AND THE HOUR.

I was bent upon carrying out one of two alternatives. Either I would utterly break off my growing connection with Florella and leave the neighborhood, or else I would, once and for all time, resolve my doubts and plight my troth to her. The next day, therefore, I went to the old brick-house, in a state of uncertainty, prepared to follow out whichever course should seem the more advisable. I found Florella there, dressed as I had last seen her. I now observed, what had before escaped my attention, that she wore no ornament of any kind, either in gold or silver. In her hair there was a May-flower blossom as before, but whether it was the same one I had kept and given her, or a fresh one, I could not be sure, for, though it looked quite fadeless, the other had looked so, too. Its perfume took a subtle hold upon me, and I was loath to oppose the influence.

"Come out into the air," said Florella.

She drew on a pair of gloves. They were of some common material, but colored an accordant green, to go with her dress. Her hat was like a broad leaf bent upon her head. I thought again of her marvelous resemblance to a flower—indeed, I could scarcely look upon her without feeling this resemblance, as a circumstance that could not have been otherwise.

"Shall we go to the arbutus-hollow?" she asked me, blithely, "or where shall we go?"

"Not there," I said—"not there! Come to the long elm-path through the meadows."

We went. The ground seemed to fly beneath us—I was as light as air. I thought to myself, "This at last is true and perfect happiness." I felt that, in such unison, we might continue to live forever.

But when we reached the avenue of elms,

a sudden weight fastened itself upon my spirit again. I remembered the conversation of the day before in that spot. Florella noticed that a change had come over me.

"You look as if the sun had gone out," said she. "What has happened?"

"Florella!" I cried, "of whom were you singing that night after we met in the wood?"

She crimsoned deeply. I could not but think of a bud into which the sap rushed with the fresh warmth of opening life.

"Did you hear me singing, then?" she asked, faintly.

"What have I done?" I groaned.

She laughed again at this, as if nothing had happened, and the blush upon her cheeks began to disperse slowly.

"If you are sorry for having heard me, or for having asked me," said she, "I do not care about it."

"Then you do not want me to know?"

"Be wise, be wise," she answered; and a slight look of pain printed itself on her brow. It was the first such I had seen there. "Do not ask me more of this," she said.

Strange girl! I was utterly perplexed by her manner—by her sudden fluctuations of feeling; and yet I could not but believe that they showed no disadvantage to my passion.

"One thing at least you can tell me," I said, resuming the thread of my doubts, though I trembled, also, at the possible results of my pertinacity. "Tell me how it is that you exhale this mastering odor of May-flowers wherever you go? What spell have you put upon me with it?"

She looked straight at me, breathing innocence at every point. I had been prepared for an appearance of pain, even of anger, but the real result I had not in the least preconceived. She gazed in wonderment at me.

"What spell?—the odor of May-flowers!" seemed to be the only words she could utter.

"Perhaps it was only fancy, then," I said, as much to myself as to her. "Forgive me, Florella. Can you forgive me these strange questions that I feel I have no right to ask?"

She turned away her face. I thought her bosom rose and fell more quickly than it should.

"I had no right," I said again. "But I felt that perhaps my happiness depended upon it. Ah, if I had had the right, perhaps I should not have questioned you."

Still she did not speak.

"Florella," I said, striving to make my voice express the entreaty I felt; but the tone fell meaningless on the air. I took her hand in my own.

She allowed it to rest there, and brought her eyes slowly and earnestly to meet mine.

"I cannot separate myself from my May-flowers," she said. "I have told you that my life is bound up in them. Should you love me better without them? Ah, no, my friend, I am sure that could not be."

She had said it! Her words implied that she knew and appreciated my feeling for her; and the mournful modulations of her voice convinced me that she, too, could love in return. Every thing else seemed of small moment now; my too curious questionings were

swallowed up in the dazzling light of this new, this final discovery, as I thought it.

"Florella, I love you as you are," I cried, "better than all the world besides! How should I do, if I wished you otherwise? There is nothing wanting in you, nothing in you more than I can love. I love you as you are."

We went home to the old brick house together. We were happy. Her parents welcomed me with a homely grace, and seemed to make me one of them. The mother was a fragile but sweet woman; the father was browned with toil in his fields, but his features were delicate and dreamy, shaped by the gentle blood of that old ancestress; for such blood runs in fine-drawn curves. Both father and mother were somewhat rusty in exterior, but it was plain that Florella had flourished from a branch of the old stock which was none too hardy. Thus there were differences and similarities between them and their daughter that maintained an harmonious relation at the same time that they fell into the position of a sober and soothing foil to the brighter color of our gayety.

Several days passed in this new and exquisite communion with Florella. We walked every day, though I could not yet resolve to go to the arbutus-hollow with her. And everywhere she saw beauties that I should have passed with closed eyes but for her. The locked and treasured significance of Nature seemed to yield itself to her without an effort. The hills seemed about to become crystal, that they might admit our gaze to their hearts. A passing bird, an early wild-flower, or a blade of grass, seemed to impart more wisdom to us than all reading and experience had before distilled into my mind.

"Teach me more, Florella!" I cried more than once, with enthusiasm. "Let me go on learning all my life."

She pressed my arm, and smiled joyously, though she said nothing in reply.

When, at evening, I would leave her, the hills turned cold and stony again, and the air was less transparent. I was oppressed with a sense of my own grossness and demerit, and an indefinite fear crept over me.

One night, as I parted from her, I turned at the gate. This feeling of subtle loss had come again, and the wide air seemed empty around me. I went back to the ancient doorway in which Florella had stood.

"Give me some token," I said. "I cannot bear to leave you so, after these hours of happiness, without any thing visible to remind me of what has been. Some little thing," I said, and stretched my hand out to pluck the May-flower from her hair.

"Not that," said she, drawing back. "Not to-night. In good time, perhaps, you shall have it. You may take a kiss from my hand. Will not that remind you?"

I could not determine whether she was more in play or in earnest, but I submitted.

"These trials are but natural now," I said to myself. "They will soon cease, thank Heaven!"

VII.—A PERFUME OF LIFE THAT POISONS.

As I walked away, I thought of my acquaintance. I had not seen him since our

colloquy under the elms. A sudden desire came upon me to encounter him now, and to crush his probable rivalry under the intolerable sweetness of my own triumph in Florella's heart. "Just for a whim, I will go through the elm-path home," said I to myself. "He might happen to be there; and, if he is not—why, after all, it may be as well." I did not altogether approve of my own vindictive mood.

The moon had not yet undergone her monthly death, and her light streamed over the broad earth like some reviving liquor working secretly by night. The smooth, open fields, just tinted by sprouting grass or crops, and the long, pinkish-gray road, accepted the light more evenly and unbrokenly; the houses and barns had become dark, dissolving masses, which broke into silvered lines and surfaces here and there.

I passed into the elm-arcade. A figure was pacing to and fro in the open space between the two rows of trees. It rounded the end of its beat, and came toward me: I saw that it was my rival. His arm stiffened, and his fingers gathered themselves together, as we advanced toward each other; but they relaxed again in an instant.

"Is it your ghost that I see?" he asked, with a sneer. "I thought you would have been far away by this time."

"Your mockery will be of little use to you now, my friend," said I; "or, for that matter, your ingenious displays of sham sympathy, either. Florella is mine, at last!"

"You are a fool," replied he, bluntly, "if you suppose you can manage matters so quickly as that. I should say your sovereignty was of too short a tenure, thus far, to warrant any boasting."

"And you are a serpent!" I said, not caring to mince my words with him. "Why do you turn in my path, and cast your venom up at me?"

He laughed bitterly and angrily.

"Venom, indeed!" he said. "I am too full of the poison of disappointment not to vent a little of it."

I did not care to enter into a brawl, and I endeavored to pass on.

"But do not imagine," he flung after me, "that it is disappointment at your success. No! If I had the choice of a revenge upon my fiercest enemy, I could not select a worse than to subject him to the same delusion you are at this moment suffering under."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, going back to him. "Collect your senses; you don't know what you are talking of."

He assumed an icy coldness.

"To what test have you put this precious love of hers that you feel so secure of it?" he asked.

"Test?—none but that of her demeanor toward me. Besides," I added, "she sang of me, one night, in the moonlight, to herself, and I heard her."

"A lie!" he cried, in a voice that crowded his throat as if it had been a rout of demons bursting out upon me. A shudder passed down my back, and I said, within myself, "There will be murder done here."

"It was not of you she sang," he continued, "nor of me, nor of—"

"Of whom?" I interrupted. "Is there a third in the field?"

"That is my secret. Perhaps it is to my advantage to keep the knowledge of that third person in my own hands. I will confess to you, now, that, when we last met, I tried to unsettle you, so that you might leave me here alone—alone with my love for Florella and the sorrow it brings me. I thought I had succeeded: I see it was a mistake. Take my advice. For your own peace of mind, go away from here. If you would stay, put Florella to the proof. Test her as I would have tested her. Ask her to give up the least attribute that gives her pleasure—to cast away her May-flowers. I would have asked her, but I saw she would never comply. The doubt and hesitation I have undergone in that connection have ruined me. My love for her has been a curse to me since."

"That was an error," said I, calmly. "You should have taken her as you found her—as I do. Florella is a child of Nature; you must not find fault with her peculiarities any more than you would with those of a flower. If you cannot accept her so, you must look for some other blossom of field or wood that will please you better. You cannot change her; she is a harmony in herself; she is right by rhythm, as it were."

"Then are you not afraid to think of wedding with such a woman? She is, by your showing, a creature who obeys some subtler law than that of your being or mine. Could you always accept her without question?"

I felt that in these words he had sounded my lowermost depth. A loud heart-beat seemed to respond, with terrible accuracy, to the plummet with which he had tried me. I knew that I could not be sure of myself. This it was, in fact, which had so disturbed and saddened me at all my partings from Florella. Even at this moment the desire to understand and analyze her regained its sway over me.

"You are right," I said. "She is too high for me. I could not be content. Ah, what is that last and highest sweetness of hers, of which she seems so unconscious, although it is so inseparable from her? And how strange it is that neither of us should be able to enter into this life of hers, that seems to offer itself so freely to any one who should be worthy! As for you, my friend, I do not know what ails you. But I suppose your trouble to be a lifeless skepticism, as mine is a too great curiosity. At any rate, I will leave you to share your grief with that third person you spoke of."

"There is no third," he said, with disdain.

"Ah, you still resort to deceit," said I. "Do you think to deceive Florella, too, with your lies?"

"No one can equal her," he said, humbly. "Do you know who it is she sings of?"

"Who?"

"The man who is to come, and who never will come. It is a vision. She sings of the perfect lover she awaits."

"How do you know?" I asked, bowing my head.

"I heard the song once—before you came."

He threw out his arm with a gesture of protest and pain. His head, too, was bowed.

"Well?" said I, coldly.

He buried his face in his hands.

"It is enough," I said. "Let us part as friends. I am wearied out with the confusion of mind and heart I have suffered here. With a little more, I should go crazy. Every thing seems unreal already. I think this is a dream; that you are a phantom, and I a nothing—a shape of the air. Good-night."

VIII.—FATE'S LEAF.

The next morning I left the neighborhood, and was whirled away a hundred miles over the rails before nightfall. The old aunt, who was my only remaining relative, met me with surprise at the door of my home in the city.

"Back so soon?" she said. "You are not looking well."

"I have had trouble," I said. But I told her nothing more, either then or afterward.

I busied myself in trying to forget Florella. At times I would moan to myself, and cry out that if she had only obeyed my wish on that last night, if she had but given me some token, however slight, I should not now have been in grief. "In good time," she had said. But weeks passed by, and I heard nothing from her; and then I began to throw off my melancholy, or, at least, to think that I was doing so.

My aunt, who was a shrewd old lady, may have suspected some trouble of the heart. At all events, she insisted on my accompanying her to a sea-shore resort, where I found a certain Miss Mainwaring, the daughter of an old friend of hers, whom I knew very well that my good relative had long ago selected as a fitting wife for me. She was a sensible and pretty little person, of accredited position in society, and there was nothing about her that could ever give me the least trouble to comprehend it. "After all," I said to myself, "why should I not marry her? There were no words between Florella and myself that could warrant her in supposing me bound to her. I could be very comfortable with Miss Mainwaring for my wife." In this state of mind, it was not long before a definite arrangement was entered into, according to which we were to be married on our return to the city. My aunt and her old friend were very much pleased.

One morning, however, when the first leaves had begun to fall from the trees, a letter came to me, addressed in a handwriting as light as the lines in a spider's web. I opened the pale-brown envelope, and found only a withered May-flower blossom inside, pressed between two dead leaves. All its perfume had vanished. A chill went through my heart.

Without telling any one my intention, I strode off over the sandy road that led to the nearest station on the railroad. I traveled all day, reaching my destination late that afternoon in the midst of an autumnal tempest's approaching darkness. Long lines of malevolent clouds were streaming away over the vault of the heavens, toward the hill-slope where the two chimneys of Florella's dwelling rose up into sight. A single gleam of red light rested on a mound of cloud in the sky,

just over the house, touching it with a pale bloom of pink. I tramped strainingly over the road that led to it; the wind growled mournfully behind me, and swept the curled leaves whisking with a ghostly sound along the ground before me. Every thing seemed beckoning on to some mournful culmination. Long before I reached the ancient house I knew what I should find there. The door was opened by Florella's mother, from whose eyes the fresh tears seemed to have scalded all expression.

"When was it?" I managed to ask.
"When?"

"This morning," answered she. "For a long time she had been fading and fading away."

Then she led me to the room where the dead maiden lay. Her face had paled, but it was ripe with its old beauty still. It was the blossom of the spring, washed away with being past its season. She was decked for the grave in a long garment of sere, pale yellow, resembling that of the sapless May-flower petals she had sent me. I looked but once upon her, then turned away, pressing the withered blossom close where I had placed it, against my heart.

"Ah, if I had been worthy!" I moaned, brokenly.

Then I remembered my rival. I asked for him; but he had gone away that morning, vowing never more to set foot in America. My fear of murder, on that final night, recalled itself. Was this, indeed, the death I had foreseen? And which of us was guiltiest?

IX.—MAKE MY GRAVE IN THE WOOD.

I AM writing with the flower against my heart—the dead, death-giving flower.

Soon after my return to the city, I resolved to confide the whole of this sad experience to an old and accomplished physician, whom I had been wont to regard as comprehensive above all other men I knew. He entered into the details most kindly; but, treating the whole chain of circumstances as chiefly resultant from over-sensibility in a luxuriously-bred young man, who had always been too delicate in health, advised me to seek change of scene by means of a trip abroad, or to consummate at once my marriage with Miss Mainwaring, and enter upon a career of varied activity.

"But how do you explain that effluvium of May-flower odors?" I asked. "Surely that could not have been a thing of my imagination."

"Why not?" demanded the physician, in return. "I have had experience in these matters, my young friend. Besides, you yourself seemed to suspect some distillation."

"But, then, the sending of May-flowers in letters—" I urged.

"Why, you have no proof of that. And, on the contrary, the one which she sent you was, as I understand, quite faded and scentless."

"Yes."

"You have told me all, have you?" he asked, rising.

"Yes, I think so."

"Then I believe you need give yourself

no further concern. Your health has suffered, I can see; but it is not permanently shattered. You must learn to be a little more commonplace, and discourage fantasies."

I looked out of the window as he left my door and got into his carriage. I no longer believed in him; he seemed to have no comprehension at all. "He is too old," I said. "He has eaten too many dinners on this planet, and has lost his spiritual apprehensiveness."

Yet, no doubt, he will long outlive me, and tell many other dying men that they, too, can live on if they will only become commonplace. I did not think it worth while to tell him how the dead flower lies upon my heart, seeming to draw the life out day by day. Well, let it do its work: it is vain to talk of marriage now. Winter has come. They have buried Florella, as she wished, in the woody hollow, where the May-flowers grow. I dream of it constantly; and once, when there came a thaw, I almost believed I could detect the fresh fragrance of May-flowers in the mild, cool air. How long it seems until spring, when they will bloom again under the perished leaves! Perhaps, when at last they come, I shall be laid in the wood beside Florella; for it is there I have chosen to have my grave.

G. P. LATHROP.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"The thorns which I have reaped are of the tree I planted; they have torn me, and I bled. I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed."

MR. MIDDLETON, having shaken hands with Max, and cheerfully advised him to keep up his spirits, took his way home, with his own spirits reduced to as low an ebb as could well be the case with a gentleman who, having reached mature years, knew better than to allow other people's troubles to annoy him in any great degree. He was a man who liked to be comfortable, however, and he could not help thinking that matters were in any thing but a comfortable condition. There was not only poor Leslie, for whom the stout fibres of his heart ached, but there was Arthur cut off in the very flower of his youth, and Max in a position which was decidedly unpleasant, to say the least of it. Then he fell to considering why Max was so remarkably reticent with regard to that interval of time at midnight which he had affirmed that he had spent in the grounds of Rosland. Some men—men of the Colville stamp—would have regarded this reticence as very suspicious; but Mr. Middleton had more knowledge of character. His belief in Max's innocence was unshaken—indeed, it was only natural that it should have been deepened by that partisanship into which men are so readily beguiled, and by the

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & CO., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

natural and excusable desire to see Colville and Purcell held up to universal scorn as the fools which he esteemed them. Still, he could not but confess that Max's obstinate silence was calculated to prejudice the public mind against him. "He must have seen somebody in my grounds," the puzzled gentleman thought. "If he would only say who it was—if he would only call a witness—the whole charge must fall to the ground."

Full of these thoughts, he turned his horse's head into the gates of Rosland. He knew that he could not remain there long; that since Max was under arrest—the fact came back upon him now and then with the actual sensation of physical shock—the arrangements with regard to the funeral would devolve upon him; but it was impossible to resist the temptation for a little rest; besides which, he knew that no one would be so well able as himself to break the news of this additional misfortune to his wife. As he entered the gates, he noticed the fresh track of carriage-wheels (there had been a rain the night before) curving in from the road. This fact seriously disquieted him, for he feared that there might be visitors at the house, and, in that case, he unhesitatingly made up his mind to go back to Strafford at once. Any thing was better than to be forced to hear and to answer a stream of gossiping questions. On this point, however, he was reassured when he reached the door.

"What is the meaning of this?" he said to the servant who appeared, pointing with his whip to the tracks so clearly apparent on the damp gravel. "Is anybody here?"

"Nobody at all, sir," was the answer. "That is, I mean no company." Mrs. Sandford and Miss Desmond's here. Mistis and Miss Leslie's gone over to Strafford, in the carriage, sir."

"Gone over to Strafford—is it possible! When did they go?"

"Bout an hour ago, sir, I reckon."

"Did you hear when they expected to be back?"

"No, sir, I didn't."

"Hum!" Mr. Middleton paused and looked meditatively at the speaker. He had no intention of going to Strafford now—on the contrary, he was very glad that he chanced to be away—and an idea struck him that, since he was at Rosland, he might inquire whether, by any chance, anybody had seen Max the night before, though Max was unable to say whether or not he had seen any one else. "You say Miss Desmond is in the house?"

"Yes, sir."

Alighting, he walked into the silent house, over which an unseen pall of grief seemed to hang. Singularly enough, this aspect struck him much more here than at Strafford. Perhaps the cause of this rested in the fact that, at Strafford, there were no women, only men, who, with the exception of Max and himself, felt little affection, and nothing more than conventional regret, for the dead. Here there had been sighs, and sobs, and bitter tears. Albeit the farthest in the world from a fanciful man, Mr. Middleton felt them in the very atmosphere. He shook his head mournfully as he walked into the empty sitting-room and

rang the bell. "Tell Miss Desmond that I would like to speak to her," he said to Maria, who answered it.

Having sent this message, he sat down and fanned himself, hoping devoutly that Mrs. Sandford might not flutter down upon him from some unforeseen nook or corner. He might have spared his fears. Mrs. Sandford was at that moment in her room busily engaged in writing an account of all that had occurred to her friends in Alton. Little as Mr. Middleton thought it, the last sensational item had reached Roseland, and was at that moment being chronicled as fast as pen could go, with many double under scorings and exclamation-points. The fair correspondent had that morning debated whether she would not pack her trunk, and bid adieu to a house which had become any thing save an abode of gayety; but a keen desire to see "the end of the matter" had for once prevailed over *cautia*. Now she had her reward. Now it would be her privilege to send this second item of intelligence like an electric shock into the circles of Alton society. "You can imagine the state of *painful* excitement, the terrible *nervous* distress that I am in," she wrote, "but, of course, it is impossible for me to think of leaving dear Mrs. Middleton and our poor darling Leslie, both of whom seem to *lean* upon me."

Mr. Middleton had not long to wait for Norah. He had scarcely settled himself and begun to appreciate the coolness and quiet of the room, when a step sounded in the hall and she stood before him in the open door. As he rose she advanced, and he had time to notice as she crossed the floor how strangely pale she looked—not nervous, not as if she had been weeping, not overwrought or hysterical, but simply devoid of all color, and consequently wholly unlike herself in appearance.

"Is it true?" she said, as she came near him—speaking before he could utter a word—"is it true that Captain Tyndale has been arrested on a charge of—of having caused his cousin's death?"

"I am sorry to say that it is quite true," Mr. Middleton answered, surprised at being met by the knowledge which he meant to impart. "He has not only been arrested, but the examination is over, and, thanks to a pair of obstinate, dunderheaded fools, he has been committed!"

"Committed?"

"To jail for trial. They absolutely went so far as to refuse bail."

Norah uttered a cry—it was her first, so she may be pardoned—and sank into a chair which chanced to be near by. There was nothing of affection in this, her limbs absolutely refused to support her. She put her hands to her face and shuddered. Strong and brave as she was, her nerves and her heart both gave way. Arrested!—committed! It seemed too terrible to believe!

"It is astonishing with what rapidity bad news travels!" said Mr. Middleton, in a vexed tone. He thought her nervous and theatrical, and felt more than half sorry that he had sent for her. "May I ask how this information reached you?—and have my wife and Leslie heard it?"

"It reached us through a servant who was at Strafford," answered Norah, looking up. "Yes, Mrs. Middleton and Leslie have both heard it. It was because they heard it—because the servant told them that every one at Strafford had gone to Wexford—that they went over there. Leslie insisted upon going, and Mrs. Middleton thought it best to take advantage of the house being empty."

"It was very well that she did!" said Mr. Middleton, who was heartily glad that he had gone to Wexford. There was scarcely any place, indeed, to which he would not have gone to escape the pain of being under the same roof that witnessed Leslie's last parting with her dead love.

"This is a bad case for Tyndale," he said, after a minute, "though he has his own obstinacy to thank, as well as the folly of others. He admits that he was in the grounds here at midnight—which was about the time that poor Arthur was killed, as near as we can tell—but he either can't or won't give the name of any person whom he saw or talked with; so that his own admission tells against him. I confess that I don't understand it!" said he, in a half-annoyed, half-puzzled tone. "I can't believe that he was the person who had that struggle with Arthur at the bridge, and yet his silence is inclining people to suspect him who never thought of doing so at first."

"You mean, then, that he acknowledges he was here—in these grounds—at midnight?" said Norah, in a voice which scarcely sounded like her own, so tense and sharpened was it.

"Yes, he acknowledges it. He had no option, indeed, about doing so—the servant's evidence proved that he left Strafford, and that Arthur followed him. What took him out at that hour of the night he won't say, however. It is a queer business altogether," said Mr. Middleton, summing it up sharply. "The more I think of it, the queerer it seems. If I had chosen to volunteer my evidence, and say that the guests here had all left before he could have got back—according to Giles's statement of the time he left Strafford—it would have made the matter still more suspicious. As it is, I cannot conceive what he did with himself that he is so loath to tell."

As he ceased speaking, silence fell—a silence in which he might almost have heard the quick breathing of the girl near him. She put her hand to her throat, where something seemed choking her. As in a mirror she saw all the array of merciless consequences that must follow if she opened her lips, and said, "He came to meet me." Yet, it must not be supposed that she was silent because she hesitated to say it. She was silent literally because she could not speak. Such a host of emotions assailed her that she felt like one whose breath is taken away in the whirl of a great tempest. Foremost among these was amazement—amazement that Max should endure arrest, suspicion, imprisonment, should face the thought of all that might ensue, sooner than utter words which might throw a shadow on her name. To understand the light in which Norah regarded this which Max took to be a very plain

and simple rule of honor, it must be remembered that she had spoken according to the stern letter of the truth when she said that, though admiration and love had been freely offered her in the course of her life, consideration and that chivalry of respect which is the flower of courtesy, had rarely, if ever, come within the range of her experience. "What is my good name to him, that he should guard it?" she thought, with such a rush of supreme gratitude that, at that moment, she even forgave him the words which he would "never have spoken to Leslie."

"I did not know that you had heard the news of the arrest," Mr. Middleton said, while she still remained silent—still gasped for breath, still felt that, if she tried to speak, she would probably disgust and shock her listener by bursting into tears—"so I thought I would come in and tell you, since Mrs. Middleton is not here. Do you know, by-the-by, how long she is to remain at Strafford?"

"No," answered Norah. It cost her such an effort to articulate the word that it came out with a force which was almost equivalent to a moral cannon-ball—startling Mr. Middleton not a little. He looked at her suspiciously. What ailed the girl? He noticed again that she was deathly pale, and that her lips quivered. He began to be afraid of hysterics. He extended his hand, and grasped his hat, which was on a table near by.

"I have a good deal of business," he said, hastily. "I think I better—"

"Be going," he would have said, if Norah had not suddenly risen, and, in so doing, barred his way. Her great eyes burned steady and lustrous in her white face. There was no faltering or hesitation now.

"If you can spare a few minutes longer," she said, "I wish you would be kind enough to tell me what I must do—how I must give my evidence. I know what Captain Tyndale did in the grounds here that night."

"You know!" repeated Mr. Middleton, amazed. "Why, how on earth do you know?"

"Because he came to meet me," she answered. "Because he *did* meet me, and we spent some time—an hour, perhaps—on the steps of the summer-house. We were sitting there together, when we heard the report of the pistol, which was found near Arthur Tyndale's body."

"God bless my soul!" said Mr. Middleton. He was so astounded that he sat down again in the chair from which he had risen. "Is it possible?" he said, after a minute. "Are you really in earnest in telling me this?"

"I am perfectly in earnest," she answered—a sudden flush, like the hectic spot of fever, coming into her cheeks. "Do you think I would say such a thing if it were not true? What reason could I have for doing so? Surely you must see that Max Tyndale has been silent in order to spare me. He has borne this suspicion rather than involve me, rather than drag my name into such a matter. But he thinks more of me than I think of myself!" she cried, passionately. "No earthly consideration could make me accept such a sacrifice. Sir—Mr. Middleton—tell me where to go, and what to do, and I will do it this minute!"

"Sit down, and be quiet," said Mr. Mid-

dleton. "That is the best thing you can do at present. Neither the magistrates nor Tyndale are likely to run away. Now tell me what is the meaning of this? Why should he have come to meet you, at midnight, in the grounds, when you could see him at any hour of the day in the house?"

Then it was—face to face with this inquiry, and the keen eyes enforcing it—that Norah felt the consequences of her disclosure. How could she say what she must say, how could she explain what must be explained, without telling the whole story of Arthur's deception? It would have been hard to do this at any time; but it seemed doubly hard now that he was dead, now that he could utter never another word in his own defense. It seemed cowardice to assail the dead; but, then, might not mercy to the dead mean injustice to the living? Max was already suffering from Arthur's fault; should he suffer still more? This thought ended her doubt. Mr. Middleton saw the lines of her face settle into determination, the lips brace themselves for a second, the drooping lids lift. He was a man, though an elderly one, and the mute though proud appeal of her eyes touched him before she spoke.

"It is a long story, and not a pleasant one," she said; "but, if you wish to hear it—if it is necessary for you to hear it—I am ready to tell it. But I warn you beforehand that it will make you think bitterly of him that is dead—of him who can never speak in his own defense again."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Middleton. He felt bewildered, and yet something like a gleam of light shot athwart the cloud of puzzled doubt which surrounded him. His brows bent, a spark of angry light came into his eyes. Had Arthur Tyndale forgotten his honor and his faith far enough to let this fair-faced siren make a fool of him? Had he been going to meet her when he met his death? "What do you mean?" he repeated, sternly. "Whatever it is, you must explain." At that moment he had neither respect nor compassion for her in his heart.

But, as she read his thoughts, her color rose, her eyes began to glow, the majesty of bearing, which chiefly made her beauty so unlike that of other women, came back to her. She looked at him like a queen—one born to rule, by right divine, over the great realms of hearts:

"I mean this," she said, "that, when Max Tyndale came to meet me on Saturday night, he did not come on his own behalf, nor with regard to any thing which concerned himself; he came in the cause of the man of whose murder he stands accused, the man who was engaged to me before he ever knew Leslie—the man whose letters are in my possession now to prove that I speak the truth."

"Engaged to you!" repeated Mr. Middleton. Astonishment stupefied him. "Do you—do you know what you are saying?"

"It was about those letters, which Arthur was anxious to recover, that Captain Tyndale came to me," Norah went on, with resistless impetuosity. "I had agreed to surrender them; but I wanted—not unnaturally, you may think—some guarantee of good faith on his part, some proof that he would not return

my generosity by slander. Perhaps you are not aware that men do such things sometimes, even fine gentlemen such as Arthur Tyndale—was." Her voice dropped over the last word; it seemed as if, in the midst of the old bitterness, a thrill of remembrance came to her that he of whom she spoke now only "was." There was a short pause; then she resumed more quietly: "All of this I can prove, if you care for proof. But it is not of these things I wish to speak. It was of Captain Tyndale. I want you to understand why he came to meet me; I want you to believe that he had no personal reason for desiring to see me. It was an entirely a matter of business with him as if I went to see my banker—supposing that I had one. So it seems hard that he should suffer, does it not? And I—how much of this will I need to tell? Surely not the whole, for Leslie's sake, and even for his sake—who is dead."

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Middleton. "How can I tell? Give me a minute to think—to take it in! I never liked him; but to suspect him of such dishonorable conduct as this never occurred to me—never for an instant! The false-hearted scoundrel!" said he, grinding his teeth, and forgetting for a moment what stupendous gulf—silencing all speech, ending all wrong—lay between himself and the man of whom he spoke.

"He was not so false as weak, I think," said Norah, gravely. "But it does not matter now. Leslie has forgiven him—"

"Does Leslie know?" interrupted he, quickly, almost fiercely. "Surely you had humanity enough not to tell her this story?"

"I told her the truth when I found that she had heard a garbled falsehood, which was worse than the truth," Norah answered—and the dignity of her manner impressed, even if it did not convince her listener—"I told it to her on that night, after I came in from the shrubbery. I had no alternative. Mrs. Sandford had overheard a conversation, and so knew enough to make mischief. This mischief she made. Again I repeat, that her garbled falsehood was even worse than the truth."

"But," said Mr. Middleton, with gathering indignation in his eyes and in his voice, "she could never have overheard any thing, she could never have found any thing, she would never have been able to make mischief, if you had not put it in her power to do so! Do you think that it was honorable conduct to come here with such a secret as this in your possession, Miss Desmond? If you knew any thing to Mr. Tyndale's discredit, and wished to break off your sister's engagement, it would have been honest to write and warn her. But to come here—to hold intercourse—to write letters—to meet him clandestinely—nothing can justify it!"

"I know that now," said Norah. "I recognize it as fully as you can do. But I—well, I knew no better. I have lived a more vagrant and hap-hazard life than you can well imagine," said she, looking at him with something half pathetic in her eyes. "Nobody ever taught me any thing. I have had only my own instincts and impulses to guide me, and it is not strange that I—a girl of nineteen—have been sometimes

guided wrongly. I am sorry, very sorry, that I came to make trouble in your home as I have done—but I promise you that I will not stay any longer than it is necessary for me to do in order to clear the name of an innocent man. Oh, sir," she clasped her hands and leaned toward him with great crystal drops—drops which did not fall—standing in her eyes, "don't think of me just now. Restraine your indignation for a little while, and think of Captain Tyndale. Where must I go, what must I do, to give my evidence for him?"

"Good Heavens!" said Mr. Middleton, irritated, exasperated, and yet touched. "Try to be little reasonable! Women can be reasonable sometimes, I suppose—if they try! Did I say any thing about—about wanting you to go?" (The words nearly choked him, for he would have said any thing in the world sooner.) "I said that it was a pity you came with this secret in your possession, unless you came to give an open, honest warning to your sister. However, that is over, and we are not likely to gain any thing by going back upon it. You want to know what you must do now to give your evidence for Tyndale. Well, it is a disagreeable necessity, and one which will make any amount of scandal and gossip, but you must go with me to Wexford and testify to the fact that he was in the grounds with you, before the magistrates who committed him—like a couple of fools as they are!"

"To Wexford!—must I go?" said Norah. She shrank back piteously, and covered her face with her hands. A terrible, cowardly instinct said, "Why did you not keep silence, and this need not have been?" A vision of all the scandal and gossip of which he spoke rose up before her. How could she meet it—court it, as it were?

"You must certainly go, unless you mean to let that poor fellow suffer all the consequences of what you say was no fault of his," answered Mr. Middleton, dryly. "I am as loath to advise such a thing as you can be to do it, for it will let loose a thousand tongues like so many hounds upon you, upon Leslie, upon all of us; but there is no alternative. Processes of law are not enacted in the corners of drawing-rooms. Young ladies have to pay heavy penalties sometimes for appointing midnight interviews in the grounds."

His tone roused Norah more quickly than any thing else could have done. Her hands dropped, and she looked up. The short-lived color had ebbed from her face; it was pale again and very firm. In that moment, "strength came to her that equaled her desire." She put the weakness, which had almost conquered her, down, and set her foot upon it.

"You are right," she said—her voice was as clear and steady as the notes drawn from a violin by a master's hand—"the consequences of what has happened must fall where they belong, and they certainly do not belong to Captain Tyndale, whose only fault is that he has served his friends too well. I am ready to go with you at once. After all, what is my name worth, that I should guard it so tenderly? Less than nothing if, by bringing a shadow on it, I can clear one on which no shadow belongs!"

"In talking that way, I do not think you realize at all—" Mr. Middleton began, shocked by the recklessness which was ready to sacrifice even that which women in general hold to be worth more than life. But, as he spoke, a figure stood in the open door, the appearance of which hushed the words on his lips.

It was Leslie, with the long veil which she wore thrown back from her fair face—a face which the majesty of sorrow lifted into a nobler beauty than it had ever known before. It was but an instant that she stood there—framed like a beautiful and touching picture to their sight—then, seeing that the room was not empty as she had imagined, she turned, without a word, and passed across the hall and up to the staircase, her head drooping a little, but her whole bearing otherwise unchanged.

Though she had come and gone so swiftly and so noiselessly, her appearance, which had broken the thread of their conversation, seemed to come with a certain strange appeal to both of them. It seemed to plead for gentle thoughts and merciful silence toward him whom she mourned, him from whose dead presence she had come. "We must think of her!" Mr. Middleton muttered; and, as he spoke, his wife entered the room.

"Are you here, George?" she said, with a gleam of pleasure coming over her sad, weary face. "How glad I am of it! I have just been making myself doubly miserable by thinking how worn-out and worried you must be! Are you not tired to death, dear?" she asked, laying one hand on his shoulder as she reached his side. It was a gesture full of tenderness, and as near a caress as Mrs. Middleton would have permitted herself in the presence of a third person.

"I suppose I am," said George, taking the hand into his own, "but I have not had time to think about it. One thing has followed so fast on another. Sit down, Mildred: I have a great deal to say to you, and you are just in time. Miss Desmond tells me that you have heard of Tyndale's arrest?"

"Is it true, then? Servants have such a singular capability for distorting facts, that I never know what to believe, that comes through them—but they were all very positive about it at Stratford."

"It is unfortunately quite true. He has been arrested, examined, and committed to prison by those pillars of law and wisdom, Colville and Purcell."

"O George, is it possible?—how terrible! What grounds are there for such a charge?"

"Scant enough grounds, but it is astonishing what a number of blockheads there are in the world. I knew all the time that the whole charge was absurd, but because he was not able—or, rather, because he would not say exactly what he was doing at midnight in my grounds, they committed him to jail."

"At midnight!—but what was he doing at midnight here?" exclaimed Mrs. Middleton. "Every one had gone home some time before that, and Captain Tyndale I was sure—I was certainly under the impression—left early in the evening!"

Mr. Middleton looked at Norah. Now was her time to speak. But what woman has

not felt what Norah felt then, that it is easier to make almost any cause good to a man than to a woman? She flushed and paled as she felt her hostess's glance follow her husband's and rest on her face. But, if the explanation must be given, it might as well be given at once. That thought nerve her to return the look of the cold eyes bent on her, and say:

"Captain Tyndale did leave the grounds early in the evening; but he came back—to meet me."

The audacity of this assertion almost took Mrs. Middleton's breath away. "To meet you, Miss Desmond—at midnight! Is it possible that I hear you aright?"

"You certainly hear me aright, madam, though you may not understand me," Norah answered. "I repeat that Captain Tyndale came to meet me, that he was sitting with me on the steps of the summer-house when we were startled by hearing a pistol-shot, and that he was with me for some time afterward—facts which prove conclusively that he could not have been the assailant of his cousin."

"They may prove that," said Mrs. Middleton, with icy coldness, "but you must excuse me if I say that they also prove that you have very little idea of decorum. You are a young lady in my house and under my care, Miss Desmond, therefore I have a right to say—indeed it is my duty to say—that such conduct as this is totally opposed to any code of propriety with which I am acquainted."

"That may very readily be," said Norah. "But it is enough for me that I hold the necessary evidence for clearing the name of an innocent man—a man who came to meet me, not, as you may imagine, madam, because he wished to flirt with me, but because he was anxious to serve the interests of his cousin and of Leslie."

"And pray may I ask," said Mrs. Middleton, haughtily, "what possible concern there was between a midnight interview with yourself and the interests of Mr. Tyndale and Leslie?"

"More than you imagine, perhaps," was the reply. "More than I like to remember, for it is the bitterest memory of my life that I was once engaged to Arthur Tyndale."

"You!" said Mrs. Middleton with a gasp. She could say no more. If she had not been the thorough-bred woman that she was, she would have said, "It is false!" As it was, her look said it for her, and Norah caught that look.

"I see that you do not believe me," she said. "Fortunately, your belief is not a matter of any importance. If it were, proofs, and to spare, are ready to my hand. Mr. Tyndale's letters are still in my possession, though it was to return them that I met Captain Tyndale on Saturday night. I am dull on the subject of decorum, I suppose, but I could certainly see no glaring impropriety in turning from my last good-night to your guests, and going to fulfill an appointment with him at the summer-house in order to speak without interruption on a matter which in reality concerned either of us very little. I was willing to relinquish Mr. Tyndale's letters—relied as they were of a past which

had lost all association save that of pain for me—but I should have been mad if I had given them up without some pledge of good faith from him. This he refused to give, and so the letters are still in my possession."

"If this is all true," said Mrs. Middleton, "and I—I can scarcely realize that it is—do you appreciate how great your duplicity has been? If Mr. Tyndale was so utterly false to Leslie, what were you? What did you expect to gain by it?" she cried, with a passion which was totally foreign to her usual manner. "You must have had an object—you could not have come here and made all this mischief without one!"

"I cannot enter upon my object now," said Norah, putting her hand with a sudden, involuntary gesture to her head. It was not strange that the latter began to swim a little, that she began to ask herself when and where all this would end. Then she turned abruptly to Mr. Middleton.—"Are we not wasting precious time?" she said. "Should I not go at once and give my evidence? Surely they will not refuse to hear it without delay. And every hour counts with him—Captain Tyndale!"

Before Mr. Middleton could answer, his wife interposed.

"Are you mad, Miss Desmond?" she said. "Can it be possible that you think of taking this—this story—into a court of law? If you have no regard for your own good name—if you have been reared so as not to know that when a woman's reputation is breathed upon, it is gone—you might at least think of Leslie, you might think of us! It is infamous!—it is impossible! I have a right to say that I will not allow it! I have a right to say that you shall not leave this house to go and drag our names through the mire of public gossip and public scandal!"

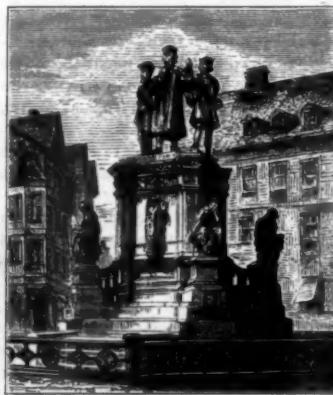
"Madam," said Norah, firmly, "you have no such right at all! Though I have had no advantages of social training, I know as well as you can tell me, that when a woman's reputation is breathed upon it is gone, and I have tried hard—very hard—to keep mine from being breathed upon; but, even for my reputation's sake, I have no right to hold back and be silent when the truth will clear an innocent man. Not even for Leslie's sake, not even for the sake of the dead, have I any right to hesitate—though I trust," she added, almost wistfully, "that I may take the whole burden on myself. Will it be necessary to mention why I went to meet Captain Tyndale?" she asked, turning to Mr. Middleton.

"I do not think so," he answered, hesitatingly—"at least, I hope not—I am afraid there is no help for it, Mildred," he added, turning to his wife. "I feel it as much as you can do, but I see no alternative. Captain Tyndale, like a man of honor, has refused to say what brought him into the grounds. For this silence he is now suffering, and since Miss Desmond knows what brought him—since she saw and spoke with him—it is only right that she should give her evidence in his favor."

"Not at such a sacrifice as this," said Mrs. Middleton, with a face set like granite. "Captain Tyndale is a man—he is able to



CATHEDRAL



GUTTENBERG MONUMENT



THE ROEMER



GENERAL VIEW OF FRANKFORT



THE GHETTO



PALM GARDEN



GOETHE'S BIRTH-PLACE

endure suspicion. But for a woman to come forward and give such evidence against herself—it is beyond every thing that he could ask or expect."

"There is no help for it," repeated Mr. Middleton, with a sigh. Then he turned to Norah—"You are right, Miss Desmond," he said, coldly. "We are wasting valuable time. If you will put on your bonnet, I will drive you into Wexford and try to settle the business at once."

CITIES OF EUROPE.

X.

FRANKFORT.

WE give our readers with this article views of and in the ancient German city of Frankfort-on-the-Main, one of the most beautiful pearls in the crown of the German Empire, which is situated in a fertile plain on the right bank of the Main River. When viewed from the river-side, Frankfort presents an imposing aspect, while, in the lower parts of the old city (Altstadt), it offers to the beholder the faithful picture of a prosperous, mediæval, free, and commercial city, the more modern quarters of Frankfort, especially near the railway depots, abounding in sumptuous and tasteful edifices.

Trade and commerce were the motive powers that made this great city so rich and respected, and which now furnish sustenance to its population of about one hundred thousand inhabitants. But its mercantile importance has of late years sensibly declined, and its fairs (*Messen*), which formerly were visited by merchants from all parts of the globe, and in which immense amounts of merchandise exchanged hands, have lost much of their importance.

Frankfort has, however, become one of the great money-markets of the world. Its capitalists are among the wealthiest in Europe, and the transactions on its exchange are hardly inferior to those of the Bourses of Paris and London. On many days, loans, exceeding twenty million dollars in the aggregate, have been subscribed for at the Frankfort Exchange in a single hour, and the capital of the Frankfort branch of the great Rothschild house alone is equal to the aggregate fortunes of all the bankers in many a great emporium.

At Frankfort occurred many of the splendid coronation solemnities during the latter years of the German Empire. It was the seat of the German Diet, of evil, reactionary repute, and, during the Revolution of 1848, it saw, rising in its midst, the first German Parliament, a legislative body containing more eminent and eloquent men than ever met together in any of the parliaments of the European Continent.

Frankfort is the birthplace of some of Germany's most eminent sons. The great Goethe was the son of a municipal councillor of Frankfort, and the house where he was born is still preserved in its pristine condition, while the grateful Frankforters have erected to the memory of this majestic poet, who shed so much lustre upon their city, one of the

finest statues—the most perfect work of Schwanthalter's genius, in a place which now forms one of the chief attractions of Frankfort.

Frankfort was undoubtedly, at the time of the Romans, a settlement, if not a fortified camp, of that warlike nation. Already, in the year 794, the dignitaries of the Catholic Church held here a council. Fifty years later it is mentioned as the capital of the Austro-Franconians, and, during the next three hundred years, it became a very prosperous imperial city, but was frequently the scene of the most sanguinary conflicts between the contending hosts of the ambitious men who coveted the imperial crown of Germany.

In the year 1152 the first coronation of a German emperor took place here, amid imposing ceremonies. The liberality with which the citizens of the place treated the new emperor was rewarded by the bestowal of extended privileges; and, in 1252, Frankfort was elevated to the rank of a free city of the empire. After 1711, all the German emperors were crowned here, and those solemnities were always attended by at least one hundred and fifty thousand visitors, from all parts of the Fatherland. Goethe has left, in his charming memoirs, a most interesting description of one of these remarkable ceremonies.

In the sixteenth century, Frankfort contained nearly three hundred thousand inhabitants. Its commerce extended to the farthest ends of the globe. Its manufacturers and artisans enjoyed a world-wide reputation. But numerous conflagrations, protracted sieges, and civil conflicts, proved serious impediments to the prosperous development of the place, and the horrors of the Thirty Years' War fell like a fatal blight upon the city.

It rose, however, again and again, with renewed vigor and vitality, from its ashes. A calamity, hardly inferior in its disastrous consequences to those of the Thirty Years' War, was, for Frankfort, the breaking out of the revolutionary wars between France and Germany during the last decade of the eighteenth century. Frankfort then was one of the principal points of contest between the hostile armies. It was repeatedly exposed to all the horrors of bombardment, fire, famine, and pestilence.

Napoleon made it, in 1806, after having razed the ramparts two years before, the capital of the grand-duchy of Frankfort, and seat of the prince primate, the gifted Charles von Dalberg. But, in 1814, it became a free city, and remained in that condition until 1866, when it became a provincial city of Prussia.

Frankfort presents an imposing and beautiful appearance, no matter from which quarter the traveler may approach it. Especially is this the case from the river-side, a view of which we give in the central picture in our engraving. Standing on the Sachsenhausen Bridge, it would seem to the beholder that the place before him, with its numerous spires and palaces, must contain a million of inhabitants.

The Zeil is the Broadway of Frankfort. It is lined for miles with costly structures,

and the magnificent hotels there are classed among the best in Europe. The "Roemer" (Roman) is a curious old building. In it, formerly, the imperial electors chose the Emperors of Germany. The small room, in which Francis II., the last of the Austrian line, was elected, is kept in exactly the same condition as in 1792. Even the bell, with which the presiding prince called his colleagues to order, still stands on the table, in front of his velvet-colored arm-chair.

Almost opposite is St. Bartholomew's Cathedral, an imposing building, where the German emperors were crowned.

Close to the Zeil, is also the narrow ghetto of Frankfort, the famous Indengasse. A tablet at one of its dingy houses indicates the place where Boerne, Germany's most caustic critic, was born.

Next to the Goethe Monument, on the Esplanade, the Gutenberg Monument deserves mention. It is a group, consisting of Germany's three earliest printers, standing on an elevated pedestal, and lending a marked charm to the mediæval buildings by which it is surrounded.

The suburbs of Frankfort are among the most charming of any city in Germany, owing, undoubtedly, to the wealth of its citizens, who have built themselves villas of the most tasteful design and lavish beauty. Foremost among these stands the Bethmann Villa, which contains in its spacious apartments more rare art-treasures than many a royal palace.

An object of just pride to the citizens of Frankfort is, also, the Zoological Garden, with its extensive menagerie and aquarium, and, above all, its so-called Palmetto Garden, of which we present a view.

MY STORY.

A NOVEL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PATTY."

(Published from Advance-Sheets.)

CHAPTER V.

AN AWAKENING.

I LEARNED afterward that, after being out at sea in the boat all day, toward evening we were picked up by the Eclair, a small French vessel bound for Havre, but when I first roused from my long unconsciousness I fancied I was safe on board the Adelaide.

But as I looked up I saw, just above the sofa on which I lay, a mirror with a silver sconce on each side of it; there had been nothing of this kind in our cabin on board the Adelaide.

I rose up on my elbow and caught a glimpse of my face—only a glimpse. I was so weak and giddy that I fell back on the pillow. I began to doubt my own identity as much as that of the cabin—the face I had seen in the glass was too pale and thin to be mine.

"This is a dream," I thought, and I lay still with closed eyelids, but thought had wakened up fully, and the fact came back vividly, and with such a sharp sting of agony that I longed to escape its bitterness; I could

not lie there bearing it. I sat up, and then I saw that I had been undressed, and that my clothes lay neatly folded beside me. A dim memory began to stir that, in my sleep, I had felt some one bending over me giving me drink.

I dressed myself, but I felt very weak, and as I walked across to the cabin-door my head seemed to reel.

I opened the door, and I saw some one just outside it—it was the girl who had waited on us on board the *Adelaide*.

"Oh, thank goodness, miss, you've waked up; the captain will be terrible pleased, that he will; you've been lying there, miss, for days and days, and we've just fed you, miss, as if you was a infant."

"Who do you mean by we, and what ship is this?" I spoke very harshly.

"Please, miss, may I come in?"—she made a deep courtesy, and looked frightened—"your bed, miss, do want making, that it do." She went up to the sofa and began to pull off the bedclothes. "It's a French ship, miss, as picked us up, and it was only me and the captain as have waited on you—the captain wouldn't let a soul else in."

The color spread over my face. I felt desperately proud and angry all in a moment.

"Where's Dr. Maxse?" It seemed to me that the doctor would have been a much fitter nurse than Captain Brand.

"Lor! miss!"—the girl's eyes opened widely—"I forgot you didn't know, how should you, poor dear? The poor doctor he fell overboard and was drowned just before we was all going away in the boat. Ah, miss, we was out in that boat all day, till this ship picked us up. Yes, miss, the prayers was ready for the poor doctor at the same time as they was ready for your poor mamma."

She stopped abruptly, and looked frightened. I guessed that she had been cautioned not to tell me.

"Do you mean—I could hardly speak—that Mrs. Stewart has been buried in the sea?"

"Well, miss," she spoke soothingly, "you see they couldn't help it; they waited, but you never roused to be sensible, and the French captain was positive against keeping a dead body on board, so our captain had to give in, but he was mortal vexed."

"Do you say this is a French ship?"

"Yes, miss; it's the *Eclair*, and you and me, miss, is the only females on board."

"You can go now, Harriet."

She went, and I stood thinking.

I had pitted myself on board the *Adelaide* with my mother beside me, and with two years of escape between myself and Captain Brand. I thought now that such a state had been comparatively a happy one. How could I escape from Captain Brand now? What refuge had I against him? He was my only protector on board this strange ship.

"I would rather be without one," and then I went to the door and fastened it, and then I broke down completely. All this hard despair—all thought of myself or of Captain Brand yielded to unutterable sorrow.

Yes, I was indeed left alone.

My mother was gone—taken away so suddenly, and just as I had learned to love her

truly. How little store we had all set by her at home! We had all loved her, I suppose, as girls think they love their mothers; we had taken her watchful tender care over us as a matter of course—she was our mother. I had seen very little of her in our home; but now, thinking over the life there, I knew how much she must have cared for us.

"Ah, but we had never thought of her and of her feelings; we had never tried"—I sobbed to myself in my lonely misery—"to pour back into her heart some of the tenderness she had so fondly, so gently shown. We had, perhaps, tried to be good children, but sometimes there had been no loving anxiety in our hearts, lest we might fall in daughterly tenderness." Just then I felt that I would give up all prospect of happiness if I could only have my darling mother back to love once more.

Thinking so of her, I softened toward Captain Brand.

"She liked him so much, I think she even loved him; and how noble he was in the wreck!"

I began to wish to see him; he could tell me all this last history, and he loved her, too, and I longed to be with some one who had known and loved her.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE CABIN OF THE ECLAIR.

The sun shines so brightly that the sea is like a huge shield of ribbed gold; birds come fluttering on to the masts. Strange-looking fish leap up high in the air, and through all this mirth of Nature the little *Eclair* bounds forward as if she rejoiced in these tokens of near harborage.

The French sailors are dancing and singing, every one on deck looks bright and happy.

I cannot bear it, and I get up and go away.

I will go below and shut out the sunshine, my heart aches sorely. "Sunshine" was one of my pet names at home, because I was always ready for fun and frolic, and now I feel so out of harmony with the universal brightness that it seems as if even Nature is conspiring to injure me.

I said that I looked forward to seeing Captain Brand, and I have seen him. It is now a week since my recovery, but I miscalculated my feelings, and, just as shy, sensitive natures can be frank and charming in letters, and stiff and awkward face to face, even with those they love dearly, so in presence of this big, grave-faced man, I felt strange and timid; all the sympathy I was longing to exchange with him froze, and I actually drew my hand out of his because he held it a moment longer than I thought necessary. So that, instead of the soothing comfort I expected, I just got a dry matter-of-fact narrative of the shipwreck, and all that had since happened.

"How could my darling mother like him? What could she find in such a wooden, commonplace creature?"

Besides my dislike, I had had a special quarrel against Captain Brand from the time we set sail in the *Adelaide*; I had felt afraid of him—actually shy, and I am never shy; I thought shyness low-bred in those days.

Since this first talk about the shipwreck, Captain Brand seems to trouble himself little about me. I always find a comfortable seat ready for me on deck, and there are many little attentions in my cabin which I feel must be contrived by him, but somehow all this makes me contradictory.

"It would be kinder in every way if he would let me forget him as much as possible."

The *Eclair* is a small merchant-ship, and there is little accommodation for passengers on board, so I take my meals in my cabin. I come on deck once a day. I am not often likely to see Captain Brand, and till now I had only spoken to him and the French captain. Mr. Howard is ill, and stays below.

On this sunny morning I get up impetuously from my comfortable resting-place. I stoop to pick up a book I had let fall, and a hand reaches it and gives it to me.

"Voilà! mademoiselle."

The French mate is close beside me, he looks at me attentively, so attentively that I blush in thanking him, and then I try to pass on.

"Pardon, but mademoiselle is not, I hope, going below in such beautiful weather; it is so dull below. Ah!"

Here he shrugs his shoulders with a look of disgust.

For a moment I feel indignant.

"If my mother were here, a man of this class would not dare even to look at me," and then I smiled bitterly at myself.

What am I now? it cannot matter about being well born when I am actually married to the captain of a merchantman. I look at the Frenchman, and I wish that Captain Brand was at least as young and as attractive.

This mate has such a bright face, it looks full of sunshine, as if it had only known summer; there is no touch of winter there. A warm glow comes through his dark skin and into his dark, lustrous eyes. His hair and beard even are more crisp in their waves than those of a northern man.

But these dark eyes scan my face so freely that I throw back my head in a way I have when I am vexed. Just then I hear Captain Brand's step.

By some strange perversity I turn to look up in his face.

He is not looking at me. His eyes are fixed on the Frenchman, and I see how angry he is.

"If mademoiselle is in want of any thing," he says to the mate, in execrable French, "you should communicate with her through me."

But the mate seems not to understand English-French. He shakes his head and smiles, and then he turns away from Captain Brand, and points out to me a curious bird that had settled on the rigging.

How dare he interfere!

I resolved to give Captain Brand a lesson he must learn, that I am my own mistress,

and that I shall talk to every one I choose. I am not under his control.

At last I have found a way of punishing him for the great, cruel wrong he has done me. The anger in his face teaches me how I can wound him.

I smile as sweetly as I can up into those bold, dark eyes which affronted me so just now.

"It is very beautiful and curious, too," I say, in French. I can speak French easily. "Do you know its name?"

I just glance up. Captain Brand is frowning at me.

"He thinks I am his wife, does he?" I smile again at the French mate as he answers me. "He had better learn at once that I don't like him, and that I would rather talk to any man than him."

I have seen very few men. My two sisters are much older than I am, and I have always lived in the school-room with my governess. My mother said I must not appear in society till my sisters married. My governess was more like a man than a woman, so I never talked nonsense with her. I have had no practice, but flirting is inborn in some girls, I believe.

My sadness suddenly lifts. I am able to laugh and talk quite gayly with Monsieur Rendu.

I feel happier than I have been for weeks; the Frenchman's light, laughing spirits cheer me, and, besides, I enjoy showing Captain Brand that I can talk when I please, though I am so dull and silent toward him.

After a bit, Monsieur Rendu returns to his duty, and I move to go to my cabin.

~~I~~ I pass close by Captain Brand, but I do not choose to look up at him.

"Frowning still, I hope; he will not interfere with me again, I suspect."

Before I have passed him, I feel his hand on my arm. I draw myself away, but I cannot get free from his heavy, firm grasp. Oh, how I hate him!

"Gertrude, listen to me"—in such a stiff, solemn voice that I start and look up; "you have only me to take care of you now; don't talk to that Frenchman."

A kind of wild pride flashes through my veins like an electric shock, but I do not show it. I try hard to keep up the cold manner I always had toward him.

"You have nothing to do with me; I can do as I like."

I look at him, and all my fear leaves me. He is not quiet and self-restrained now; his face works uneasily, and he has grown quite red. I smile at the anger in his eyes; it is delightful, to feel that I can torment him as much as I please, and that he has no power over me.

"Will you let me pass, please?" I say, politely; "I am tired of staying here."

"Then come below with me"—he speaks roughly and hurries me along, and then down the steps till we stand at my cabin-door.

"You can't come in here!"—my voice shakes, for I am trying not to cry, his manner so frightens me. I begin to wish I had not teased him. No one has ever spoken roughly to me except Captain Brand, and for the first time I shudder that I am alone among all these rude sailors.

He bends down over me; I dare not look up, his face is too near mine; but I know by his voice that he is not angry now.

"May I not come in?"—so gently that I start. "I will go away directly, if you still wish it; I only want to say a few words that I cannot say before others; let me come in. All on board think I am your brother, and they were used to see me in and out of your cabin at first." He mutters the last words as if he is ashamed of them.

The blood rushes over my face. He has nursed and cared for me, then, during my illness. I dreaded this, and I am bitterly angry that he has had the chance of serving me, but it seems to give him a kind of power I am forced to obey. I stand sullenly while he opens the cabin-door, and then I go in, and he follows me.

I stand, because I do not choose to ask him to sit down. I am glad to see him go and lean against the door, as far off from me as he can get.

"First"—he speaks very gently still—"I must ask you to hear me out, even if what I say vexes you. I have been so long at sea that I am little used to the ways of society; it is franker to say at once that I am a rougher, plainer kind of man than those you have lived among; but I want you to understand that I don't mean to be unkind, even when I seem roughest. I have been wishing to tell you this all along, my—" Here he stops; there is a tone in his voice that controls me; it seems as if he were keeping down strong feeling. I do not know what to say, so I wait for him to go on.

"Just now you said I had nothing to do with you, Gertrude"—I frown, he has no right to call me by my name—"but I must make this clear to you. I promised to leave you wholly in your dear mother's care, but she was then likely to live; you are left alone, and you must have a protector, or you will appear as friendless as she dreaded to leave you when she gave me a right to take care of you."

I hear the strong, helpful tone in his voice which made me cling to him on the night of the shipwreck, but I will not listen to it; it is only my foolish fear of him coming back, and I strive against it, and tell myself I have a right to be very angry; it is mean and cowardly of Captain Brand to turn my mother's fears against me.

"You have no right in me till I am eighteen." I do not want to make him suspect my resolve to escape, but, still, if I can make him dislike me, he will be glad to break through our marriage. Surely, no man wants to keep to a disagreeable wife. His next words surprised me. He does not look angry; he seems shocked by my behavior, and speaks sternly:

"Once for all, Gertrude, you had better learn as soon as possible that I am an honorable man; if you had shown me this want of confidence before the night you married me, it would have been better for your future, to have taken its chance."

"I wish it had," I said, impetuously; "oh, how I wish it had!"

I feel my eyes flash, and then I am sorry for my imprudence. I look up hurriedly. No;

Captain Brand is not angry; instead, I fancy, his deep-set blue eyes have a pitiful tenderness in them. This frightens me into shyness again.

"Oh, I like him angry best; if he makes love to me I shall hate him."

He comes close up to where I stand, trembling with agitation, but he does not even touch my hand.

"My dear child"—his voice is wonderfully sweet for such a big, rough-looking man—"I suppose I ought to say I am of the same opinion, but I can't say it truly as my wish. I ought long ago to have told you how repugnant it was to me to take you, as I did, without asking you for your consent, but circumstances made this impossible; we could only consider your mother. I feel—" He draws a deep breath, and looks so earnest that my eyes fix on his, "try not to be angry with me, Gertrude, for saying this, but I do feel so sure of winning your love one day that I cannot give you up now." My eyes droop, and I shrink away. He must have seen that I am shrinking; his voice goes into a question. "How can I give you up, child? Is the holy ceremony that has joined us together nothing—to be set aside by our mere will? You have been too well taught to think so; we are one, Gertrude, till death divides us; but we will never argue about this. Now, sit down quietly, I want to talk to you about yourself."

I try to speak out frankly, and tell him that I have never really consented, that I acted solely from fear of shortening my mother's life; if I could then have made myself trust him, perhaps all might have been ended between us, but my words seemed choked. I am too much afraid of Captain Brand to speak out—too strange to his character to understand him. To me he is only a rough, rude man, and his sudden change of manner makes me fear a violent outburst of passion if I were to tell him that nothing can ever change my feelings toward him. If he is so determined to make me his wife, he can keep me prisoner for these two years, then what shall I do?

No, I hated deceit, but frankness with Captain Brand would be a grievous mistake; so I hold my tongue.

He points to the one chair in the little cabin. It seems as if that stern, firm will of his seats me in it. He draws away, and leans against the door again.

"You poor, dear child," he said, "left alone so young, with no one but a rough fellow like me to care for you; it is very sad, but never mind," his voice has got cheerful at last, "you shall be made as happy as I can possibly make you."

"I never can be happy again." I say this impetuously, and then I feel afraid that I have said too much, but he takes no notice.

"We must make a French port in a few days, and then we will settle your plans. Your dear mother foresaw that she might be taken from you, and she begged me to place you, for a time, with an old French friend of hers, Madame La Peyre. This lady lives in Normandy; I can, therefore, take you to her before we go to England, as the Eclair is bound for Havre. But, if you like instead to

go to my mother's, I shall prefer it, and she will love you as if you were her own child."

I got red in an instant. It was so very unkind to make such a proposal. His mother! doubtless an ignorant, ill-bred person, from whom I should have no chance of escape.

"Certainly, I had better go to the lady my mother chose for my guardian. I have heard of Madame La Peyre."

I look up resolutely in Captain Brand's face; he is smiling, and yet I am sure I spoke with dignity.

"He is stupid as well as rough. He cannot understand manners. I must speak out if I want him to know what I mean."

"Very well," he says, "you shall do as you please, though I do not like French people, and I wish you could have been placed in England. I shall come and see you, and remember, my dear child, you must not keep any the smallest trouble from me; write, and tell me every thing." I look displeased; certainly I do not intend to write to Captain Brand.

"I don't ask you to do this"—he smiled again, just as if he saw into my thoughts—"as a task, but only because I can't have you worried or troubled about any thing, and you have no one else to help you."

"You seem to forget my father," I say very coldly and calmly. I want to show Captain Brand I am not quite such a child as he fancies. "As soon as I land I shall write to my father, and he will give me advice when I need it."

I look up—I hope he is really startled at last; but he is smiling still, and there is the same irritating touch of pity in his face I saw there before.

"Yes; you must write to your father, and my first business will be to write to Mr. Stewart. I have a letter to inclose to him, Gertrude, which your mother gave to me on that day, do you remember, when she took me low with her?"

Of course I remember; and my old feeling of jealous dislike grows worse. So he got my mother to write exactly what he pleased. My eyes are full of angry tears.

"You can do as you choose, Captain Brand, it makes no difference to me; but my father will probably send for me."

He looks very sadly at me.

"I wish you would trust me, my child; I can't bear distressing you, and yet it is better to tell you that I know that your father will not withdraw you from my protection."

I looked incredulous.

"Well," he says, abruptly, as if he is growing tired; "there is just one more thing to be settled between us: a motherless girl must have a protector of some kind, or she is exposed to endless annoyances. You are too innocent to realize your position, and you must let me care for you, just as if I were your father or your brother. Don't encourage Mr. Rende to talk to you."

Just the old lecturing voice I remembered on board the "Adelaide."

"I am not in the habit of talking to inferiors;" and then I bite my lips. In the midst of my vexation, at his interference, I am ashamed of myself. What would my dar-

ling mother have thought of such a speech to a man who is almost as much my inferior as the French mate is?"

But Captain Brand is evidently too insensitive to be offended.

"I am sure of it," he says cheerfully; "then it is a compact; you will trust me for the future, my dear child, and try to believe I am only seeking your real happiness in all I say or do."

And actually he takes both my hands in his and kisses them. I cannot prevent him, he has such a strange, rough power over me; but his look at me as he goes out of the cabin frightens me, it is so intense.

"I must and will get away from him; I don't feel free while he talks to me; I believe if he were always with me he would talk me into believing he is my husband. No; if I ever do have a husband it shall not be a big, rough, under-bred tyrant of a sailor—oh!"

I shiver from head to foot, and then I break down in a passion of sobs and tears.

YELLOW JESSAMINE.

In tangled wreaths, in clustered gleaming stars,

*In floating, curling sprays,
The golden flower comes shining through the woods*

*These February days;
Forth go all hearts, all hands, from out the town,*

*To bring her gayly in,
This wild, sweet Princess of far Florida—
The yellow jessamine.*

*The live-oaks smile to see her lovely face
Peep from the thickets; shy,
She hides behind the leaves her golden buds*

*Till, bolder grown, on high
She curls a tendrill, throws a spray, then springs
Herself aloft in glee,
And, bursting into thousand blossoms, swings
In wreaths from tree to tree.*

*The dwarf-palmetto on his knees adores
This Princess of the air;*

*The lone pine-barren stands afar and sighs,
"Ah! come, lest I despair;"*

*The myrtle-thickets and ill-tempered thorns
Quiver and thrill within,
As through their leaves they feel the dainty*

*touch
Of yellow jessamine.*

*The garden-roses wonder as they see
The wreaths of golden bloom,
Brought in from the far woods with eager haste*

*To deck the poorest room,
The rich man's house, alike; the loaded hands
Give sprays to all they meet,
Till, gay with flowers, the people come and go,
And all the air is sweet.*

*The Southern land, well weary of its green
Which may not fall nor fade,
Bestirs itself to greet the lovely flower
With leaves of fresher shade;
The pine has tassels, and the orange-trees
Their fragrant work begin—
The spring has come—has come to Florida,
With yellow jessamine.*

CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

MISCELLANY.

WITH DISRAELI.

BY THE LATE FRANÇOIS VICTOR HUGO.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

IT was just on the eve of our return to France, in 1868, that, during a brief sojourn in London, I called upon Benjamin Disraeli, to thank him cordially for various kind services he had rendered us while we had resided on British soil. For to the great British statesman and novelist, principally, I will say now we were indebted, during the darkest period of the imperial régime in France, for protection in our island-home at Guernsey, from insults and annoyances, at which British ministers, bearing the reputation of being Liberals, but in reality more subservient to the oppressor of our country than their Tory antagonists, might, perhaps, have connived. This is not the place to publish private letters, else I might feel tempted to insert here three or four from Mr. Disraeli, which, among all friends of liberty, and among those to whom the honor of Great Britain is dear, would be certain to excite admiration and respect.

One of these letters contained a pressing invitation for my father and his two sons to visit Mr. Disraeli, either in London or at his country-seat. Reasons, on which it is needless to expatiate here, prevented my father, who never was in England, outside of the islands of the Channel, and my brother Charles, who was there often, to respond to this invitation. I took a cab at Charing Cross, and drove to Mr. Disraeli's town residence. Generally followed by bad luck in almost every thing, I was most agreeably surprised when the servant at the door told me that his Right Honorable master was at home, and, after taking in my card, begged me to follow him.

We passed through a hall-way, rather dark, but yet profusely decorated with statues and paintings; something unusual in the house of a wealthy and prominent Englishman, but I had been told by M. Louis Blanc that I must not be astonished at any thing I might see during a visit to Disraeli, because he was so dissimilar in his tastes and predilections to most of his countrymen; and so I did not even wonder when, upon ascending the wide staircase, I found it hung with Turkish carpets, exactly after the fashion of Spanish or Venetian balconies or staircases.

We entered an anteroom, beautifully frescoed, and with windows of exquisitely colored glass, through which, just then, the sunlight fell with a softness that lent an additional charm to the walls, the heavy, velvety carpet, and the furniture, which seemed to have been selected from among the quaintest collections of Flemish châteaux.

Suddenly the door opened, and the remarkable man, whom one-half of the English nation almost idolizes, while the other half, although bitterly opposed to him, cannot withhold his genuine respect from him, stood before me. What a remarkably striking face! What splendid eyes! Who, after seeing him once, could ever forget him?—either foes, upon whom these lustrous eyes flashed fire, or friends, upon whom they poured a flood of the kindest, sweetest light!

Ah! as Mr. Disraeli held out to me his hand, with a sunny smile, uttering my name in a low, gentle voice, I discovered at least one of the secrets of his extraordinary popularity. But he gave me no time for reflection. Keeping my hand in his, he led me to the sofa in his library, and kindly seated himself by my side.

He spoke to me in French, which he pronounced with scarcely any accent.

"So you are going back to France?" he asked.

"Yes; my brother and I."

"And your father?"

"He will remain at Guernsey."

"Still inflexible?" he said, with an almost imperceptible smile.

"Yes; but we hope he, too, will ere long be at liberty to return," I answered. "Our Parisian friends concur in predicting that the days of the empire are numbered."

"That is evident," said M. Disraeli, musically, "quite evident. It seems to me Napoleon is now where Louis Philippe was in 1847. Poor Louis Philippe!" he continued, in a more animated tone. "How I liked him, personally! I knew him well. I saw him repeatedly in France, and passed a whole day with him at Claremont, only a month prior to his death. What a wonderful man he was! a perfect store-house of reminiscences. His memory was one of the most extraordinary that ever was known to me. And he could tell anecdotes as if he had studied all his life long nothing but them . . . Do you know," he said abruptly, "I almost envy you for going to France?"

"Why?" I asked, laughing. "Perhaps, the police will render it very uncomfortable for me."

"Oh, I don't mean that," he exclaimed, laughing, too; "Napoleon and I are old friends—we have met before. But, with all my love for France, I have never been able to go there for any length of time of late years; and all I can do is to devote a portion of my spare hours to reading French books."

"May I inquire who is your favorite author in our literature?"

"That is a question decidedly difficult to answer," he replied. "But I believe I may say, with relative justice, that of all French writers Bossuet and Bourdaloue have always fascinated me most."

"Bossuet and Bourdaloue!" I exclaimed, in surprise.

"Yes, Bossuet and Bourdaloue. I hardly know to which of them to give the preference. I have read and re-read their works, and have always admired their admirable language, their consummate art more and more. Many years ago I had a conversation on this subject with Alexia de Tocqueville, my lamented friend. He said I was right. I think that no such sermons were ever written before or after as those of your two great preachers."

The conversation turned to novels. Mr. Disraeli spoke with the utmost frankness of his own works.

"I never aimed too high," he said, "and so I have no great fall to deplore. Novel-writing in England is different from what it is in France. With you plot is everything, with us comparatively little. The novel invariably bears the characteristics of the nation. You Frenchmen are fond of dramatic effects; we are fonder of gradual transitions. What seems magnificent to you sometimes appears ludicrous to us; and what we consider very fine and substantial, you look upon as dull and prosy. Make the rounds of the various literatures, and you will always find the characteristic of the respective nations strongly imprinted upon the productions of their novelists. There are phenomenal exceptions to this rule, gifted individuals soaring high above the multitude of even good writers. . . . Still I must say that every now and then I dearly love to read one of your crisp, nervous French novels. Time was when I eagerly perused 'The Wandering Jew' and the 'Mysteries of Paris'; and I think that our English critics have uniformly underrated the talents of Eugene Sue."

"His influence upon the literature of

France should not be underrated," I said. "His imagination was an extraordinary one, and his facility of composition absolutely marvelous. You spoke of M. de Tocqueville. That man, otherwise so fair-minded and just, held Eugene Sue in great abhorrence. He was on excellent terms with my father, and remained so even when their political views widely diverged. But he often censured my father, jocosely, of course, for giving French literature such an *enfant terrible* as Eugene Sue. A favorite saying of M. de Tocqueville was: 'Rousseau lived twenty years, and then begat Bernardin de St.-Pierre; Bernardin de St.-Pierre lived twenty years, and then begat Chateaubriand; Chateaubriand lived twenty years, and then begat Victor Hugo; Victor Hugo, being tempted of the devil, is begetting every day Eugene Sue, and the like.'"

When our merriment had subsided, Mr. Disraeli began to speak of our French parliamentary orators. He said he would greatly like to hear Jules Favre, whose speeches, he said, read splendidly. I told him that M. Favre's speeches could hardly be recognized in the imperfect printed reports.

"I heard M. Thiers many years ago," he said, "and was somewhat disappointed. He seemed to give directions to the Chamber of Deputies rather than to appeal to its judgment. Nor was his delivery faultless. But, perhaps," he continued, gayly, "I was prejudiced at the time against M. Thiers, for he was speaking against my friend Louis Philippe, who, the day before, had treated me with charming kindness."

I then took my leave of Mr. Disraeli.

This conversation had been carried on in a small, oblong room, whose walls were entirely covered by book-shelves. It would have looked like a bookworm's cozy cell, but for the gorgeous frescoes on the ceiling, the candleabra of the rarest workmanship, the colored windows, of which Mr. Disraeli seems extremely fond, and the heavy black-and-yellow curtains of the door and windows. On the tables there was no picturesque disorder: every thing was very neat, and great care seemed to be constantly taken that every thing should be in its right place.

It is in this apartment that Disraeli passes most of his time when he is not politically occupied. Only literary men are admitted to it. The politicians are received in a large room in another part of the building. With all his fondness of public strife and parliamentary struggles, I have been assured by intimate acquaintances of his, that he never feels happier than in the little room where he chatted so pleasantly with me.

BEAR-HUNTING WITH ALEXANDER II.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

THE present Emperor of Russia, Alexander II., is in most respects unlike the rest of European sovereigns. He is neither fond of military pageants, like his uncle, William I. of Germany; nor does he like to occupy himself with state affairs, like Francis Joseph of Austria. Victor Emmanuel's affinity toward the lowly is foreign to his haughty, reserved nature; and his own people even charge him with being more of a German than one of their own race. But in one respect Alexander II. shares the predilections of his brother sovereigns: he is a passionate hunter. And in this respect he is a true Russian, too; for his favorite sport, like that of the true Muscovites, is neither deer-stalking nor fox-hunting, neither spearing the wild-boar nor following the swift-footed ibex and chamois to their Alpine fastnesses, but bearding the brown bear in midwinter in the sombre pine-forests, extending for hundreds of miles in the level and

sandy country northeast of the Gulf of Finland.

An interesting account of a recent bear-hunt in that desolate country is given by a Russian correspondent of the *Univers Illustré*. "His majesty," writes the correspondent, a Frenchman, who had long been in Algeria, "was greatly interested, as I was sitting with him in his private cabin, at Tsarskoe-Selo, in my narrative about our lion-hunts in Africa. He said he had read Gérard's book on that subject, years ago, with extreme pleasure, and added that, before he had ascended the throne, he had frequently felt greatly tempted to go to Algeria for three or four months for the sole purpose of hunting the terrible monarch of the desert. 'Would you like to hunt bears with me?' suddenly asked the czar. When an emperor asks such a question, you can never answer it in the negative, even though you were not, like myself, an ardent sportsman. And so I consented. The emperor dismissed me, saying that he could not exactly appoint the day when the hunt would come off, but promised to give me timely notice."

A week passed by, and I did not hear from his majesty. But on the morning of the 16th of November an imperial lackey woke me up in my rooms at the Maison Tele-schoff, and handed me a letter from Baron Holstein, one of the imperial equerries, in which I was politely requested to repair at an early hour on the morning of the 19th of November to the emperor's hunting-castle, Nortijo, on the banks of Lake Onega.

I was up long before daybreak on the appointed day. The morning was bitter cold. At six o'clock an imperial kibitka drove up to the door. Wrapped in my fur robes, and armed with my repeating rifle and hunting-pouch, I entered the curious vehicle. Off we went at lightning-speed. The ground was frozen, our two small horses were wonderfully fleet-footed, and it was not yet nine when we arrived at the imperial castle. Nortijo hardly deserves that name. It is a low, one-story wooden structure, painted dark-brown, with singular round windows. In the court-yard were four other kibitkas. At the door stood half a dozen tall representatives of the mounted body-guard of the emperor, looking more Asiatic than European in their long, fur-lined coats, with their Caucasian caps, their Circassian cimeters, and curious poniard-holders on the breasts of their coats.

An equerry ushered me into the emperor's presence. The czar was seated in front of an immense wood-fire in an open stove, in a large room, the walls of which were decorated with bear-heads, antlers, and various hunting-implements. He was dressed in a short fur robe, tight deer-skin pantaloons, and looked, without flattery, like the *bœuf idéal* of a Nimrod. With him were six or seven gentlemen, similarly attired—all of them noble specimens of the Russian aristocracy. They were sipping hot, strong, black coffee from large cups, one of which was handed to me. The emperor made me sit down by his side. "Drink a good deal of that coffee," he said to me; "the air is cold, and it will keep you warm." Then caviar sandwiches were served up, and I was amused at the emperor's extraordinary appetite, although the rest of us, to tell the truth, owing no doubt to the long ride in the sharp air, did likewise ample justice to the simple meal.

My repeating-rifle attracted the emperor's attention. He examined it carefully, and admired its neatness and elegance. But he said, with a smile: "This weapon, monsieur, will not do for a bear-hunt. You need much stronger gun, one which, in an emergency, you can use as a club, too; for," he added, laughingly, "sometimes our sport leads us into very close quarters with our game; and the bear, I can assure you, is not only a very

rough fighter, but it requires very hard knocks to get the better of him."

This, however, was no great misfortune; for there were plenty of heavy, long, double-barreled rifles, such as are used for hunting the bear in Castle Nortije; and in a few minutes I was armed with one, and also with a tremendous hunting-knife, sharp as a razor, and weighing nearly three pounds. The emperor gave the signal to start, and we reentered our kibitkas, this time, however, only for a short drive. In an opening of the dense pine-forest we alighted. There we were met by a dozen imperial *piqueurs* and dog-keepers, who had charge of ten immense black Russian bear-dogs, ugly, fierce-looking animals, who greeted the emperor's appearance with joyous barking.

The emperor chose the Baron von Holstein and me as his companions. The other gentlemen set out immediately, walking at a very rapid gait, to meet us again by a circuitous route at a certain spot, and to drive toward us such bears as might be started by old Nicolai, the veteran bear-hunter, who accompanied them. Old Nicolai said a few words in Russian to the emperor, who told me that the veteran hunter had assured him that we would find one or more of the Braun family before long, as it had been very cold for the past ten days, and the bears would be about, looking for food.

Our party, accompanied by four *piqueurs*, who held the dogs by strings, started at a very slow pace through the thicket. The emperor was very taciturn, and kept his eyes fixed on the ground. Every now and then he stood still, and examined the frozen ground. On such occasions one of the *piqueurs* would step up to him, and do likewise. The man was evidently an inexperienced hunter; for the emperor looked at him, and, when he shook his head, moved on again. Thus we walked for perhaps an hour and a half. It was growing colder and colder. The emperor beckoned to one of the attendants, who produced a large wicker-flask which he handed to his majesty. The latter drank a deep draught from it, and then handed it to me. Things must have changed greatly in Russia, I thought to myself; for who would have dared to drink from the same flask with the terrible and magnificent Emperor Nicholas? As it was, I eagerly accepted the proffered flask, and drank some excellent cognac. The fiery liquor had never tasted better to me. M. von Holstein drank next, and then we went forward again.

Another half-hour passed by, when all of a sudden we heard, at a great distance, a long bugle-flourish.

"They have found a bear!" exclaimed the emperor, his eyes brightening with the eager anticipation of a true sportsman. "Listen!"

The distant bugle sounded four sharp notes in quick succession.

The emperor understood the signal.

"This way, gentlemen!" he cried, and started off to the left almost at a run.

We followed at the same gait, and the dogs, whom the *piqueurs* had let loose, ran, barking aloud, along-side of us.

As we advanced, the bugle of the other party indicated every few minutes the direction we had to follow. We were evidently approaching each other very rapidly.

All at once two rifle-shots were fired at a distance of about five hundred yards.

The emperor motioned us to stand still. One of the *piqueurs* sounded his bugle. The signal was at once answered. The dogs suddenly started off at a furious rate, with a howl, the threatening fierceness of which would have caused a weak-nerved person to shudder.

Five minutes we stood motionless. Then we heard the dogs barking with intense exasperation—they were answered by a deep roar

—the emperor bent his face in the greatest suspense forward—and all at once a superb black bear emerged from the thicket.

The dogs jumped at him from all sides, but he shook them off with the utmost ease. Then the bear caught sight of us. He stood still, and uttered another low roar. The emperor raised his rifle and fired. The bullet hit the animal, but evidently inflicted only a slight wound. The wounded bear turned to run, but the dogs impeded his progress. We fired, too; but likewise with indifferent success. The other party now came in sight. Two more bullets were fired into the animal; but the bear has a tough life, and his vital parts were as yet uninjured. Then the emperor gave us the signal to rush at the bear. He himself led the way with uplifted hunting-knife. The bear, whether enfeebled by loss of blood, or terrified by the appearance of so many adversaries, tried to flee more rapidly; but he was overtaken, and brought to bay. He hurled off the dogs once more, but then the emperor's knife was driven into his heart. He uttered a low moan, staggered back, and sank dead to the ground.

The emperor struck off one of the animal's forepaws. The *piqueur* cut off the bear's head, and then skinned him. One of the hams was taken along by the men. We took another deep draught from the wicker-flask; the emperor expressed his satisfaction to old Nicolai for the dispatch with which he had started up the game, and we returned to the opening in the forest, where we had left our kibitkas.

It was two in the afternoon when we reached that point. The drivers and footmen had lighted a large fire there, and we were all of us glad to get near it to thaw our half-frozen limbs.

The emperor, who is naturally a sombre, taciturn man, was in unusually good spirits. He asked me how I had liked the sport. It was easier than lion-hunting, I told him. "Sometimes the bear, after he has received a painful wound, becomes as savage as a tiger," said the emperor, "and then the hunter who is near him has to act with the utmost circumspection. Many years ago I was attacked by such an animal, and I had an almost miraculous escape."

At seven we were back in St. Petersburg.

AN ARCHBISHOP IN PRISON.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Neue Wiener Freie Presse* succeeded in gaining access to Archbishop Ledochowski of Posen in his prison at Ostrowo, on the 5th of February, and gives the following account of the interview he had with the aged prelate:

"Nothing can be gloomier than the vast district-prison at Ostrowo. The town itself is one of the ugliest in the province of Posen, which is saying a good deal; and seems to have been especially selected for that reason for the purpose of locating there an institution for the punishment and reformation of criminals. It was ten o'clock on the morning of the 5th of February when I applied at the office of the warden, Herr von Kardorff, for permission to see his grace, the incarcerated Archbishop of Posen, exhibiting my credentials as your correspondent. My application evidently struck the Prussian official as something unprecedented, and he curtly replied, 'You cannot see the prisoner.' I then showed him my letters of introduction from several influential parties in Berlin, and he became more civil, without, however, consenting to reconsider his decision. 'It is against our rules,' he said, 'to admit visitors to any prisoner's cell, and we cannot make any discrimination in favor of any person.' After a good deal of persuasion on my part,

the warden finally relented, and told me to come back at noon, when he would tell me whether the archbishop would see me or not.

"At the appointed hour I was again at his office. The warden was busy just then, and I had to wait. While doing so I witnessed a painful scene. Three men were brought in, with chains on their arms and feet. Rough-looking fellows, with desperate faces, they were. The warden looked sternly and close at them, and then said to one of them, 'You have been here before.' The prisoner protested in a whining tone he had not been, but the warden assured him he was not mistaken. I soon discovered what it meant. The other two prisoners were taken to the adjoining room, and their chains were taken from their limbs. The third prisoner, whom the warden had recognized as a *récidif*, was handed over to a keeper, who took him into a hall-way, and there fastened him to a wheelbarrow. To this wheelbarrow the wretch will remain attached all day long, except during meal-times, and when he is about to be locked up in his cell for the night. The prisoner, who was sentenced for seven years for an atrocious assault, evidently appreciated his terrible fate thoroughly; for he rent the air with his lamentations while he wheeled his barrow into the work-yard.

"The warden then told me that the archbishop would see me, and conducted me through the long corridor into a small yard, and thence to a two-story building, which he said was his own dwelling, a parlor on the second floor having been fitted up as a place of confinement for the archbishop.

"This parlor was at the head of the staircase, and the door was secured by means of a large padlock. The warden unlocked it, and ushered me into the archbishop's prison. The room was plainly but comfortably furnished. A small iron bedstead stood on the right wall. There was a table in the middle of the room. Close to one of the two windows stood a mahogany *secrétaire*, and at the other window, in an ordinary cane-chair, sat the archbishop.

"His grace greeted me kindly, regretting that he could not receive me in better quarters. As he said this he laid down a volume on the window-board. The inscription on the back, in large, golden letters, told me it was a copy of Thomas à Kempis's 'De Imitatione Christi.' I expressed the hope that his imprisonment would be of short duration. He shook his massive head slowly, and said, with an expression of resignation on his handsome face, 'No, no. My adversaries will keep me here for the full length of my term of imprisonment. The Emperor William would probably pardon me if I should address a prayer to that effect to him; but I shall never do so. Never!'

"He paused a moment, and then said:

"'As a journalist, you are familiar with this whole affair. It is a struggle of principle against principle. My enemies have the power to make me suffer now, and I know the daring man, who is my real enemy, too well not to foresee that he will never flinch. Unparalleled successes have intoxicated him, so that he now believes, more firmly than Napoleon I. ever did, that his star will never set. And yet upon what a frail foundation is all this structure of sudden grandeur built! I foresee the fall, but it may take years to bring it about. Until then I can wait and suffer.'

"I was not disposed to argue this point with his grace, and so asked him if he was well treated.

"'Oh, yes,' he replied. 'They give me enough to eat and drink, but I have always needed very little of that. I am a very moderate eater, and have not drunk a drop of wine at the table for twenty-five years. To my abstemious life, I am sure, I am indebted

for the good health which I enjoy. I am now suffering from a cold which I contracted in that gloomy, bitter cold night, when I was dragged from my bed without a moment's warning, and hurried on board a train, and was left for hours without a fire.

"I then inquired what his grace intended to do during his imprisonment.

"Ah," he said, with a melancholy smile, "they will not permit me even to communicate with the outside world as I choose. The warden sent yesterday to the Minister of Justice to inquire if my letters to my friends should be read before being mailed, such being the prison regulations. I must confess that I was thunderstruck when I heard this. But I soon resigned myself even to this. I must be thankful for having the privilege of remaining in this room, and of receiving my food from the warden's table. Had I received no privileges, I would now sit in a small cell, half dark, and be fed on the coarsest of food. But you asked what I intend to do here. If they give me permission to communicate freely with the world outside, I shall write a book—a book on this whole subject, and let fair-minded people, without distinction of creed, judge for themselves whether I have done any more than I was in duty bound to do."

"At this moment the door was unlocked, the warden stepped in, and told me that it was time for me to withdraw. Upon taking my leave of the imprisoned prelate, Archbishop Ledochowski begged me urgently not to put any thing into his mouth except what he had said, and then dismissed me with his blessing.

"In crossing the yard, I saw the unfortunate prisoners being marched to their gloomy cells for dinner. They had small wooden pails filled with soup in their hands. All of them looked deeply dejected. Keepers with loaded pistols in their hands escorted them. I was glad to get out of the dismal place."

A COURLAND PEASANT-WEDDING.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

COURLAND is inhabited by a mixed people: the nobility and middle class are almost wholly German, while the peasants are for the most part Lettonians, or, perhaps more properly, Courlanders. This race belongs to the Lithuanian family, whose branches are found in East Prussia, North Poland, and West Russia; they all have a language peculiar to themselves, as well as a common origin. And, in many things, the customs also of these peasants are very different from those of their German neighbors. Indeed, in those districts inhabited exclusively by themselves, they still live quite as their fathers did generations ago; which, in many particulars, to us seems strange enough. For example, according to our notions of propriety, marriage proposals may be made by men only; the Lithuanians think differently. Among them the girls, as well as the young men, select their partners for life, and it is not looked upon as at all improper or indecent for the girl to propose. Nor is she in any degree disgraced or made a subject of ridicule if she is so unfortunate as to be rejected among the many from whom she can choose. She readily finds another, provided always that her pretensions are supported by something of this world's goods, but here a little suffices. The ownership of a cow, in most cases, is sufficient.

Preliminaries being settled between a couple who are disposed to make the matrimonial venture together, the ceremonial begins. The bridegroom chooses two so-called "good-men" and one of the other sex, with whom he approaches the residence of his lady-love, who, when she sees him coming,

hastens to run away and hide. Meantime the lover waits at the gate, while his escort enters the house, where they are received most cordially, and shown into the best room. There their spokesman makes a formal speech, in which he says that, on the way, they saw a beautiful bird (sometimes a handsome fox), which, however, they suddenly lost sight of; and, as they have looked everywhere else for it in vain, they are convinced it must have concealed itself in this house. The parents and relations of the girl protest that they have seen nothing of the kind, and that their neighbors must be in error. The neighbors, however, are not to be convinced, and justify their persistency by stating that they have seen the animal's tracks on the premises. The parents are greatly surprised, and no longer hesitate to allow an immediate and thorough search to be made. And now the chase begins. The girl will appear very bashful and coy; she runs from room to room, her pursuers close after her. Finally she is driven into the most remote corner, when she surrenders, but not wholly. The woman, who is one of the pursuing trio, now puts a silk kerchief around her neck, which she spitefully tears off and throws as far away from her as possible. Again it is put around her neck, and again she tears it off; but the third time she allows it to remain, thereby intimating that she finally yields to her suitor's oft-repeated importunities.

Now she is led to the room where the parents wait, and where now the lover makes his appearance. Here the couple exchange breezes, that is, silver or tin buckles, which serve to hold a cloak or shawl together, and the bridegroom receives from his lady-love either a pair of stockings or mittens, of her own knitting, of course.

They are now husband and wife. As for the church ceremony, that sometimes does not take place till months afterward.

The weddings are usually in the autumn, because the peasants are then, after the harvest, best off, and because their cattle are then fattest. The day before the wedding-ceremony, the relations of the bridegroom meet at his house, and, after having fortified themselves with "drinks all round," they mount their horses and ride to the house of the bride. Here they find a numerous company assembled, and now, until late in the night, they feast, dance, and make merry. Early the following morning they all start for the church, which is not unfrequently several miles away. The procession is led by a so-called *dicius weddis*, i. e., a chief leader. He is followed by the marshals, each with a white kerchief tied over his shoulder like a sash. Behind the marshals come the guests, on horseback or in wagons, well provided with pistols and loud-cracking whips, in order that they may make themselves heard. They finally arrive at the church, when, after the sermon is over, the ceremony takes place. Here, as in all countries and in all times, on like occasions, all eyes are on the bride, who, among the bedecked, is most bedecked. On her head she wears a crown-like structure of tinsel, and her face is thickly powdered with rye-flour, through which, however, the sun-browned skin can be plainly seen.

As soon as the ceremony is over, the bridegroom seizes his bride firmly by the hand, as though he were fearful some one might rob him of her, and leads her out of the church. The procession now starts back, in the order it came, to the house of the bride, where the wedding-feast is celebrated.

While at the table, all try to rob the bride of her wreath, and, if the attempt prove successful, it is hung on a nail, which, for this purpose, has been driven into the wall behind her seat. A deal of cunning and cleverness is displayed in this endeavor, and the repeated failures make good sport for the

guests, and win round after round of applause for the wary bride. After a time, the marshals, who have not been at the table, enter the room, carrying in each hand three or four lighted candles, and sing a stanza, the burden of which is: "We come to you politely and modestly, modestly and politely we hope you'll receive us. To all we wish well, to no one ill; long life and good health to the bride and bridegroom! *Heia! viva!*" At the last words each one takes his bridesmaid and waltzes with her around the room, still holding in his hand the burning candles, one of which he throws aside at the end of the dance. After the young couple have been complimented in this manner, the song and dance are repeated in honor to the guests, one after the other, according to their social position; meantime the poor girls are compelled to submit to having their best frocks daubed with candle-grease from head to foot. This ceremony ended, the dancing becomes general among the young people, while the papas and mammas remain at the table.

A similar merry bout takes place at the house of the bridegroom, whither the whole company usually repair toward evening. When the bride arrives there, she is first driven to the *kiele*, an out-house, in which grain, farming-utensils, etc., are stored. The *dicius weddis* cuts, or rather hacks, three crosses in the door, after which she enters to glance hastily at the valuables her marriage gives her an interest in. From there she is driven to the house, where, after springing out of the wagon as quickly as she can, she loosens a certain portion of the horse's harness. The more quickly she does this, the more happiness she is likely to have in her married life.

IMPOVERISHED ROYALTY.

(Translated for the JOURNAL.)

It is barely four years since Don Francis de Assisis, consort of Queen Isabella II. of Spain, resided in the most sumptuous apartments of the Royal Palace at Madrid. The royal exchequer was always open to him, and he gratified his expensive tastes by purchasing large numbers of the finest horses in the world, and by acquiring the masterpieces of French and Italian ébénisterie, forming, in the course of a few years, a little museum of curiously-wrought and exceedingly costly writing-desks, inlaid with pearls and precious stones; easy-chairs, upon which ingenious cabinet-makers had spent years of assiduous labor; and work-boxes and caskets of surpassing beauty and enormous value.

When the royal family was so summarily expelled from Spain, Queen Isabella had to leave most of her valuables in Madrid; and her unfortunate husband arrived in Bayonne, on his way to Paris, with a few trunks containing little beyond his personal wardrobe. His horses, his diamonds, and his above-mentioned collection of costly articles of artistic ébénisterie, had remained in Madrid. The horses were confiscated by the new government for military purposes; what became of his diamonds has never been ascertained; and his "museum" was destroyed by the indignant populace when, upon invading the Royal Palace, they found that Don Francis de Assisis had been so reckless as to have placed on a splendid Murillo, in his sitting-room, a paper target, at which he had fired numerous shots from an air-pistol, almost destroying the superb painting.

Queen Isabella herself had not saved very much money from the sudden shipwreck, and what funds she had at her command, during the first years of her exile from Spain, she invested, in great part, in intrigues to regain her lost throne. Little of her money was given to her neglected husband; and, as Don

François de Assis had never learned to husband his resources, he was repeatedly sued by his impatient creditors in Paris; and he speedily became so disgusted with life at the French capital that he went, in 1870, shortly before the breaking out of the Franco-German War, to Vienna, and settled there permanently. The Austrian court took no notice of him, and it is known to comparatively few people in Vienna that the man who once sat on the Castilian throne, by the side of the successor of Ferdinand, and Isabella, and Charles V., lives now in their midst.

His house is a plain, two-story building, in one of the deserted streets of the Leopoldstadt, and a correspondent of the *Pesth Lloyd*, who recently visited this representative of fallen and impoverished royalty, gives the following account of an interview with Don Francis:

"I met," he writes, "the husband of ex-Queen Isabella in his saloon, a large room, looking out upon a spacious court-yard, which, among other curious things, contained a circular bowling-alley, such as I had never seen before, and which the ex-king is said to have made entirely with his own hands; a singularly-shaped aviary, filled with eight or ten screeching parrots and cockatoos; and a wooden shed, painted bright red, which is used as a stable for the only horse now owned by his ex-majesty. Don François de Assis had only a single attendant with him, a young cousin of his, with a very long name, which I do not remember, and with as haughty a demeanor as if he still was in the Alcazar, at Madrid, and not in a cheap house on the banks of the Danube. The bearing and appearance of Isabella's husband, on the other hand, I must confess, were an agreeable disappointment to me. He is a polished gentleman, with a handsome, melancholy face, large, dreamy eyes, and a very pleasant smile. He spoke to me in excellent French, and his conversation was both animated and interesting. With great ease and frankness he alluded to the numerous distinguished personages with which he had been brought in contact during his eventful life, and his opinions were remarkable for their shrewdness and utter lack of bitterness. He acknowledged that his exile from Madrid weighed heavily upon him, but he did not express either hope or belief that he would ever return thither. I mentioned Serrano's name, and that was the only occasion when he knit his brows, and immediately changed the subject. He was pleased with life in Vienna, and said he liked the people, because they were so lively and good-natured; the only thing that displeased him was the extreme prevalence of beggary, especially genteel beggary, in consequence of which he was overwhelmed, during the first few months after his arrival in Vienna, with calls and letters from impudent mendicants, most of whom pretended to have been reduced from affluence and aristocratic positions by the rapid progress of democracy to indigence. But Don Francis said, good-humoredly, that he had speedily got rid of these importunate people, because he had very little to give them.

"Every thing about the house, in fact, indicated very plainly that Don Francis lived no longer in the lap of opulence. He, who had once revelled in apartments whose walls were covered with the costliest hangings, and embellished with the masterpieces of Murillo and Velasquez, had now to dwell in very plain rooms, with cheap muslin curtains before the windows, rather common paper on the walls, no pictures whatever, and ordinary rosewood furniture.

"It is said that Don Francis de Assis had not a single book in his apartments in the Royal Palace at Madrid, and that he rarely ever read a newspaper. Be this as it may, I vainly looked for any thing literary in his sitting-room, where he spends several hours

every day, passing the remainder of his time mostly in his workshop, a small room on the upper floor, in which he works as a wood-carver and cabinet-maker, in both of which trades he is said to be quite skilled.

"He never goes into society; and, in fact, although he has now been in Vienna for a considerable length of time, he speaks little or no German. His only recreation is an occasional ride in the Prater."

THE TITLES OF SOVEREIGNS.

We doubt very much if the gentleman who this month contributes to *Blackwood's* paper upon "International Vanities" is very strong in his history, and should rather like to see his face after Mr. Freeman or Dr. Bryce had seriously reviewed him; but he is amusing, and his paper a relief after the weary work of counting up elections. Nothing, perhaps, in the whole history of human vanities is more comical than the extraordinary array of titles with which monarchs have tried to decorate themselves, or the energy with which they have occasionally endeavored to resist an undue assumption. The energy is now passing away, and indeed, in England, the whole matter is so utterly ignored that we dignify every African chief with the title of "king," to the serious misleading of public opinion; but formerly it was intense, and a constant disturber of the European peace. That a man claiming sovereign power should give himself a title is intelligible, and Xerxes when he called himself "King of kings" really meant to say something—that he had real kings under him; but that a man like Ghorm Shah, who knew perfectly well that other dominions existed than his own, should call himself "King of the World," or that Xerxes himself should style himself "the Supporter of the World," can only be explained by the restless inner pride and resentment of some non-existent competition which seems for ages to have haunted kings. The feeling of the Caliph Omar, who, when reproached for bringing himself a jar of water, said, "When I went forth I was Omar, when I drank I was Omar, when I sat down I was Omar still," would seem to be the natural feeling of any man so highly placed that his volition becomes executive; but it is not so, and we can remember but one absolute sovereign who deliberately coined a simple title for himself, and within his own dominions rejected all other. Lopez, though really sovereign of Paraguay, and dynastic sovereign too, bore among his own subjects only the magnificent yet simple style of "El Supremo." The Emperors of Rome, in their best days, indeed, were rarely styled anything but "imperator"—a purely military designation—or "Caesar Augustus," but in the Eastern Empire they accepted and their followers invented titles of the loftiest grandeur. At the present day, too, the ruler of Japan, who possesses power to which no other potentate can approach—being able, as we have repeatedly remarked, like the pope, to change the very wills of his subjects—contents himself with but one formula, "Ten-o;" but then, as that signifies "Heaven-Highest," that is to say, both Heaven and Highest, any other title could not degrade him. The title by which Europeans call him, "Mikado," means simply "the Royal Gate," just as the old phrase "Sublime Porte" does when substituted for the Sultan. The old religious title of the Mussulman rulers, "Khalif," is simple enough, the word meaning merely "substitute"—whether for Mohammed or the Deity has never been clear—but in modern days every man who has borne it has had other titles a foot long. The ruler of China is "Brother to the Sun and Moon," as well as other things, and one title of the King of Siam, "the Lord of the White Elephant" has so struck the fancy of Europeans as to differentiate him among Asiatic

monarchs. But this vanity is not confined to Asia. In Europe no sovereign, unless it be the King of Italy, is called by a simple designation, and three of them claim and use one to which they have no shadow of a right. There was a sense, while the Roman Empire was supposed to last, in its head calling himself "emperor," but it is a silly title now, when the empire has disappeared forever. The essayist seems not to know whence the title was derived, for he says: "When Frederick III. appointed himself king, he asked leave privately from the emperor beforehand, (how little that emperor knew what a serpent he was warming in his bosom!), and consequently got recognized without much trouble by the other powers." That is rubbish, for Frederick had no more power to dub himself "king" than Peter the Great had to call himself "emperor"—indeed less, for Peter being out of the European system, might call himself what he liked—and did not attempt to do so, but coerced the only authority legally qualified to "close his coronet," and raise him to the coveted status which still upon many real points, and all points of precedence or etiquette, left him the subordinate of "the Holy Roman Empire." There is no one now in Europe historically qualified to be called "emperor," and it is only by the expression it given to an idea, and through pride, that the title continues to exist.—*London Spectator.*

A FORTUNE MADE BY A WAISTCOAT.

SOME people have a fancy for fine waistcoats. This taste was more common in my young days than it is now. Stirring public events were apt to be celebrated by patterns on waistcoats to meet the popular fancy. I remember that the capture of Mauritius, at the close of 1810, was followed by the fashion of wearing waistcoats speckled over with small figures shaped like that island, and called Isle-of-France waistcoats. It was a galling thing for the French prisoners of war on parole to be confronted with these demonstrations. At court, highly-ornamented waistcoats have been the fashion for generations. George, Prince of Wales, while regent, was noted for his affection for this rich variety of waistcoats, and thereby hangs a tale. His royal highness had an immense desire for a waistcoat of a particular kind, for which he could discover only a piece of stuff insufficient in dimensions. It was a French material, and could not be matched in England. The war was raging, and to procure the requisite quantity of stuff from Paris was declared to be impracticable. At this juncture one of the prince's attendants interposed. He said he knew a Frenchman, M. Bazalgette, carrying on business in one of the obscure streets of London, who, he was certain, would undertake to proceed to Paris and bring away what was wanted. This obliging tailor was forthwith commissioned to do his best to procure the requisite material. Finding that a chance had occurred for distinguishing himself and laying the foundation of his fortune, the Frenchman resolved to make the attempt. It was a hazardous affair, for there was no regular communication with the coast of France, unless for letters under a cartel. Yet, Bazalgette was not daunted. If he could only land safely in a boat, all would be right. This, with some difficulty and manoeuvring, he effected. As a pretended refugee back to his own country, he was allowed to land and proceed to Paris. Joyfully he was able to procure the quantity of material required for the prince regent's waistcoat; and not less joyfully did he manage to return to London with the precious piece of stuff wrapped round his person. The waistcoat was made, and so was the tailor's fortune and that of his family.—*Dr. Robert Chambers's Scrap-Book.*

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE friends of compulsory education have succeeded in getting before the Legislature of the State of New York a bill, the purpose of which is to enforce either private teaching, or the attendance at school for a definite period each year, of all children under fifteen years of age.

We apprehend that the results flowing from this statute will fall far short of the expectations of its friends.

In the first place, the prevailing sentiment in favor of education renders compulsory enactments altogether unnecessary for an immensely large proportion of the community. A law of this character, hence, can only practically apply to a small minority, and this minority the extremely ignorant class. Even this ignorant class are partially reached by voluntary means — by agents of Sunday-schools, and by organizations like the "Children's Aid Society."

A system of compulsory education, practically affecting only an ignorant, prejudiced, and vicious minority, could not be enforced save by an army of detectives. The difficulties of ascertaining among this class which of their children had, and which had not, complied with the law, would be very great. There would be a hundred methods of evasion, an immense amount of false testimony, and it would be found that those most determined their children should not go to school under the law would be most successful in defying the authorities. The number of children receiving education under a compulsory system would prove to be very few.

There is an indirect method that would accomplish much more—at least, for the male members of the class under consideration. If the franchise were bestowed only upon those who read and write, we should find this a very potent influence in stimulating education. The uneducated have almost a superstitious belief in the efficacy of the ballot. Voting is a privilege they prize highly, and the loss of the franchise on account of ignorance would stimulate them to great exertions for its recovery, and prompt them to give their boys the necessary qualifications for the enjoyment of the privilege.

While we have no confidence in any marked advantages resulting from the compulsory system, we also fail to share the confidence felt by many in the moral results of purely secular education. Many of the statistics so freely paraded as to the proportion of ignorance among the criminal classes, need to be read with qualifying reservations. Prison inmates represent only the ruder and grosser forms of sinning. These criminals, moreover, are mainly drawn from that class who have no adroitness in the commission of their crimes, who have no influence or friends to shield them from the con-

sequences of their offenses, who drift into prison because they are ignorant of methods how to keep out of them. Secular education is more successful in teaching men how to escape the consequences of their crimes than it is in teaching men not to commit crimes. There is a very large proportion of illiteracy in our prisons because the illiterate are stupid as well as illiterate, and are victims to their own recklessness. It is only occasionally that a bank-defaulter expiates his crime by incarceration: it is comparatively rare that the wretched thief of the pavement escapes his prison-doom. If we could get statistics of all the crimes committed, and not simply of those punished, secular education would not come off so triumphantly as it now does in the criminal records.

The full influence of secular education could only be ascertained by the comparison of a community of simple manners and under moral discipline with one which has given mere learning a higher plane than morals in the curriculum. No communities stand exactly in this contrast of plan, but some effects of the two methods can be traced. Ignorance and vice go together in large cities, and in communities where illiteracy is a reproach. But ignorance and vice are by no means always associated. History, indeed, gives us a good many startling instances of how high culture may be associated with the most absolute manners. There have been peasant villages where the profoundest ignorance has been associated with the highest virtues, and courts which have only to be named to recall to us the vile extreme the antithesis can reach.

Whoever will study the history of mankind will soon see that education must be pursued under right conditions to accomplish the good that is expected of it. In America, the Church and the Sunday-school second the efforts of the secular academy to an extent that absolves the latter from all concern in the religious education of its pupils. And the sectarianism so prevalent—the wide diversity of belief—renders it extremely difficult to unite religious with secular instruction in schools, the inmates of which entertain so many theories and dogmas.

But it is entirely practicable to connect with school education a very high moral training. It is possible to foster a spirit of honorableness, to cultivate a disposition that would abhor all forms of deceit, meanness, and selfishness. Manliness and uprightness are much better than reading, writing, and arithmetic. They are better even than culture in all or any of its forms. There is no reason why culture and high moral principle should not go together; but, unhappily, in all our projects of education, there is either an attempt to unite religious dogma with secular instruction, and hence a dissolution of the component parts of the school, or a secular training that nearly altogether excludes ethics from the curriculum. An immense deal

might be gained by an elevation of our methods of instruction; very little will be gained, we apprehend, by a compulsory method that will simply extend our present training over a few obstreperous individuals.

If it is proper for government to interfere in the matter of education at all, if a compulsory system can be justified on any ground, then government ought to go a little further. No form of secular education would do the lower classes so much good as an industrial or technical training. A boy launched from our public schools with a taste for industry and a knowledge of a trade would be far better fortified against evil than one with many accomplishments and no direct path of intelligent labor opened for him. Technical schools in Switzerland and Holland are believed to exercise a salutary influence upon the people; and to have done much for the industrial prosperity of those nations. Skilled labor, moreover, is fast becoming one of our great national needs; and, if government must regulate the early training of its citizens (in our opinion it is not within its province to do so), it can do most good, not only to those directly concerned, but to the community at large, by giving an industrial or technical education to the waifs it gathers under its folds.

— Canon Kingsley, in a recent conversation, expressed an opinion that one of the chief dangers which threaten American institutions is that of having a succession of military presidents, and of confiding too much to military hands the care of the civil government. Observing the prominence which the war has undoubtedly given to military men in politics, our talented visitor experiences fears which, to the American mind at least, appear chimerical. The election or appointment of men who have distinguished themselves in the field, for that reason only, may have its disadvantages; but certainly the danger of thereby imposing on ourselves a Cæsarean despotism is not one of them.

Canon Kingsley looks upon military presidents from a purely European stand-point; he forgets that military dictatorships are only possible in countries where there exist two elements as yet quite foreign to us—closely centralized civil authority, and a large standing army. A *coup d'état*, indeed, would be exceedingly difficult now in England, whose home standing army is about five times the insignificant numbers of the force which we are pleased to call "the armies of the United States;" for there are, at least, the county nuclei which break to a degree the central power at London. In this country there is a stand-point of counteraction in the local government of each of the group of States, to oppose any attempt to found a régime of force.

Besides, the very idea of a *coup d'état* at Washington is so utterly foreign to the tone and temper of the people, so entirely incon-

gruous with all American ideas, so perfectly guarded against, not only by the organic and other laws, but by all our traditions, training, and political notions, that the very mention of the thing betrays at once its ludicrousness. Our military presidents in the past, moreover, have been by no means the worst on the list, even in aptitude for purely civic affairs. Washington may be left out of the account as an altogether exceptional character; but Monroe, whose presidential career was the smoothest, and, to the Americans of the time, apparently the most satisfactory on record—for he was reelected all but unanimously—was a Revolutionary officer; Jackson's rule was certainly vigorous and effective in a political sense, and, though his enemies charge him with arbitrary measures and manners, he at no time threatened the republican polity, or the substantial liberties of the people; poor old Harrison did not live long enough to develop his political capabilities, but nobody would suspect him of Cesaric propensities; while Taylor, as long as he remained at the White House, was, if not a brilliant, at least not a bad chief magistrate; nor did Pierce, who fought in Mexico, evince a desire for the imperial crown.

Our dangers lie wide of this supposed menace of Cesarism, though it is true enough that the tendency toward centralization has set in too strongly since the close of the war, and it is full time to check it. We have, no doubt, too much governing—the least we can get along with, the better it will be for us—but if Grant's successor should be a soldier, like himself, there would be little reason to anticipate the calamity which Canon Kingsley is inclined to foresee.

— The French Academy has always been a favorite target for the shafts of those literary celebrities who have been denied admission to its Olympian circle; and it is in the spirit of him who wrote the famous ironical epitaph, "Here lies Piron, who was nothing, not even an Academician," that M. Edmond About discourses of the Forty in a recent letter to the London *Athenaeum*.

It cannot be very long that M. About has thought that the Academy "possesses only the relics of a reputation and a shadow of authority," and but "too well deserves contempt;" for, but a few weeks have elapsed since the lively author of "The Nose of a Notary" was himself making sedulously the rounds of visits to the Academicians, begging for their votes, which are a necessary preliminary to being a candidate for one of the forty arm-chairs. M. About speaks of these visits to "twenty pedants" as the result of a "strange malady, the academic fever;" but he must confess that he himself has more than once caught the infection, and it must be shrewdly suspected that his own defeat, at a former election, and the recent choice over his head of such literary mediocre

rities as M. Caro and M. Mézières, has given to him a sour-grape aspect to the honor denied him.

But there is much that is true in his complaint that the jealousies, and above all the political and religious prejudices, of the Academicians, render it necessary, in most cases, to employ a sort of toadyism to penetrate its august circle, and which are sure to admit mediocrities to the exclusion of undeniable literary genius. It is strange to know that, while men like Caro and Mézières, who are scarcely known outside of Paris, not to speak of France, receive elections to that republic of letters which assumes to crown the works of the age with fame, or adjudge them to permanent obscurity, such writers as Taine, About, Quintet, Louis Blanc, Michelet, Gautier, Cherbellez, Renan, Balzac, Dumas the elder, Musset, Béranger, Sue, are not to be found in the list. It was long before the illustrious scholar Littré was admitted; and Victor Hugo, with all his preëminence, could not gain a *fauteuil* until he presented proofs of a profound belief in Christianity.

The Academy is, and long has been, Orleanist in political complexion, and this accounts for the election of the present Duc de Broglie and of the Duc d'Aumale, neither of whom can, of course, as literary men, be compared with any of the excluded whom we have mentioned. Jules Favre succeeded in being elected, although he was a republican, at a moment when he was in close alliance with M. Thiers and the Orleanists, mainly because the Academy desired to snub the Emperor Napoleon, by honoring his brilliant antagonist. That imperial author is said to have written the "Life of Cesar" in order to qualify himself for the Academy; but he never was thought of by the Academicians themselves. Dumas the younger has just been admitted. It is said that when, during his father's lifetime, he was asked to become a candidate, he replied: "I do not see what the Academy can add to my name. Besides, it does not become a son to sit down in a chair while his father is standing." Poor Théophile Gautier died, says M. About,

"soured by the mortification that a long candidature entailed. . . . I have swallowed," said he, referring to his failure of an election, "a full bushel of adders." M. About writes as bitterly as if with a similar experience.

— There is a singular fascination to young people in those mythological anomalies of Nature—the little men and women of Eastern story and modern allegory. The dwarfs of the "Arabian Nights," the pygmies who, in the old mythology, waged such sturdy warfare against their foes the cranes, and the lively and interesting diminutive community of Lilliput, which Swift has made familiar to every household, are attractive playthings of young and even of older imaginations. And now comes the story that such a thing as a na-

tion of dwarfs is not only not impossible, but has actually been discovered. While the redoubtable Schliemann has been digging up the flesh-pots of Troy, another Teuton with a like enterprising genius and good fortune in discovering the marvelous, and a name even more unpronounceable—for it is *Schweinfürth*—has been penetrating far into Central Africa, somewhat to the northward of the scene of Livingstone's operations, and there has, if we may believe his solemn statement, found a race of sable "Pigmies." They are, of course, not an amiable, civilized community, as were Gulliver's diminutive friends of Lilliput, but wild savages, black as Erebus, with big, fierce eyes, and ferocious shaggy hair and beards. To be sure, they are not very tiny, the average height of the males being four feet seven; but this is small enough to make them a marked exception to the rest of the known specimens of humanity. They are very fond of hunting, and even of engaging in wars with their bigger neighbors, whom they attack with great zeal in large numbers; and the enterprising doctor suspects them of being cannibals. He succeeded in inducing one of the Akkas—the name of the pigmy race—to go with him to Europe; but little Tikkikitiki, having overfed himself with unaccustomed rich food in Egypt, to the great loss of the European curiosity-lovers, and the anthropologists of Germany, died on the doctor's hands. It is conjectured by Schweinfürth that the Akkas are the aboriginal Africans, and he asserts that they appear, from their hairy persons and their decidedly monkeyish manners, to bring man a degree nearer to Darwin's "missing link." Herodotus, it seems, asserted that there was such a pigmy race in the African interior, though his account implies that they were more wonderfully small than are the Akkas; and his other statements about people "who use their feet for umbrellas," and so on, have given incredulity to his statement about dwarfs.

— We confess to be somewhat weary of the endless denunciations of the modern stage, coming, as they do, from people who speak wholly from hearsay. The immorality of the stage is one of the canting manias of the hour. That our dramatic literature is not always pure, is quite true, but it stands as well in this particular as any other imaginative literature. Much of the current accusation is sheer cant; it is uttered, on the one hand, by people who have not investigated the charges, and on the other hand by certain Bohemians, whose remarkable sensibility in behalf of morals is, in view of their habits, rather queer. Here, for instance, we find in a journal before us one of this class wondering how a husband or a father can consent to allow a wife or daughter to remain in a theatre while such a play as "One Hundred Years Old" or "Madeleine Morel" is represented. As to the latter, its heroine is one of the class which polite society taboos; but we know many husbands and fathers who witnessed "One Hundred Years Ago" with pleasure, thinking it a delightful picture of that phase in French life which shows us several generations united in a common bond under one

roof, and these fathers and husbands are to this day utterly unsuspicuous that the play contained any thing their wives or daughters ought not to have witnessed. The concern exhibited by certain men who are not husbands or fathers for the moral welfare of other men's wives and daughters, is something very beautiful! With the exception of a tendency on the part of French dramatists to trench upon forbidden ground, the comedy of the time is comparatively pure; and, not only pure, but it is an immense advance in delicacy of sentiment, refinement of language, and sobriety of incident and characterization, over much of the old comedy. The plays of the "Camille" school, which bring forth so much angry criticism from Bohemians, who speak thus because it is their cue to do so, and from others who deplore them as signs of a vicious age; these plays by no means deal with social sins new to literature. One class of critics have forgotten the story of Magdalen; the other may never have legitimately come to know it.

We have received several replies to the article in the JOURNAL of March 7th, entitled "Some Facts and Theories about Paper-Money." We must explain that we cannot give space to correspondents who simply assert the current theory about paper-money. The public generally understand this view of the question fully. But responses purporting to show fallacies or errors in our contributor's arguments are placed in his hands, and, in due time, when all have had their say, our contributor will be permitted, if he thinks the importance of these communications warrant it, to print and reply to them. But it would be well, before people rush in with their answers, to be sure they understand the positions taken in the article they respond to. To show how hasty criticism may be, we will cite one instance. A correspondent expresses his amazement that the writer of the article should ask, "What real difference is there between interest going from three per cent. up to nine in London, and gold in Wall Street going from 106 to 112?" and proceeds to show the difference in amount. This critic should have seen that the writer meant what difference in principle, or in significance, not what difference in sum.

Literary.

ONE of the most valuable of recent contributions to the literature of science, and a work which will be found equally instructive and interesting to the student and the general reader, is "A History of North-American Birds," by Professor Spence F. Baird, of the Smithsonian Institution, Dr. Thomas M. Brewer, and Mr. Robert Ridgway. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.) It is the first systematic and complete treatise on American ornithology that has been attempted since the publication of Audubon's work, in 1838, and of Nuttall's, in 1840; and the scale on which it is being carried out is far more comprehensive than that of any previous work of the kind, its object being no less than to give, "in as concise a form as possible, an account of what is known of the birds, not only of the United

States, but of the whole region of North America north of the boundary-line of Mexico, including Greenland, on the one side, and Alaska, with its islands, on the other." The materials for such an account, consisting of numerous scattered biographies and reports of many government expeditions and private explorations, have accumulated very rapidly since Audubon's and Nuttall's time; and are now so copious that Professor Baird expresses surprise that they have not been sooner utilized. "But the most productive source," he adds, "has been the great amount of manuscript contained in the archives of the Smithsonian Institution in the form of correspondence, elaborate reports, and the field-notes of collectors and travelers, the use of which, for the present work, has been liberally allowed by Professor Henry." The first great ornithological division which the work recognizes is that into "Land-Birds" and "Water-Birds;" and, in accordance with this division, there will be three volumes devoted to the land-birds and one to the water-birds. Volumes I. and II. have now been issued, and from these a sufficiently accurate idea can be formed of the spirit and character of the work, and of the minor details of its plan. This plan is extremely simple and intelligible. After indicating in the introduction the various families into which North-American birds are divided, there are, first, a general description of the family, pointing out its distinguishing characteristics and its relations with the other ornithological groups; then a description of the sub-families, with a definition of their habitat; then a similar treatment of the genera; and, lastly, of the sub-genera and varieties. When this is completed, another family is taken up, and the same method repeated. We must not omit to mention, however, that the description of each sub-genus is accompanied with an account of its "habits," written by Dr. T. M. Brewer, whose contributions to the *Atlantic Monthly* and other publications have awakened in the minds of many readers a new interest in and love for birds. These, and, in fact, all the analyses and descriptions, are models of lucidity and precision. In addition to the letter-press, each volume contains a great number of illustrations. These illustrations consist, first, of a series of outlines exhibiting the peculiarities of the wing, tail, bill, and foot of each genus; then, of a full-length figure of some typical specimen of the genus; and, finally, of a number of full-page plates, containing one or more figures of the head (in most cases of life-size) of every species of North-American bird. The beauty and finish of the illustrations, and the mechanical features of the work, are in all respects worthy of its high scientific value; and there can be no doubt that this "History of North-American Birds" will be, for a long time to come, the standard work on American ornithology.

Mrs. Barbauld has waited long for her biographer, and it is not a little singular that, when she found one, it should have been in America, and not in her own country. Such is the case, however, and whoever would learn more about one of the first and best female poets of England than is to be found in the meagre sketches of the cyclopedias, must seek the knowledge, for the present at least, in "The Life and Works of Anna Letitia Barbauld," by Grace A. Ellis. (Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.) Miss Ellis is a new-comer in the world of letters, and her work is curiously immature and inelegant in style; but her pretensions are modest, and she has done some really good and creditable work in collecting materials,

bringing together hints, reminiscences, and biographic details, from a great variety of sources, and rescuing from the oblivion of old magazines, annuals, and books long out of print, the half-forgotten productions of a writer much of whose work was deserving of a better fate than seemed fast overtaking it. She has made the mistake, indeed, common to young writers, of confusing biography with panegyric; but, in this case, the object of her admiration is entirely worthy, and many will read the "Life of Mrs. Barbauld" with genuine pleasure who have never been satisfied with Miss Aikin's brief and unsympathetic memoir. Besides the personal narrative, and citations from Henry Crabb Robinson, Sir Henry Holland, and others, whose "Recollections" include Mrs. Barbauld, the volume contains a goodly number of Mrs. Barbauld's letters. These letters are rather commonplace and uninteresting (it is a good illustration of Miss Ellis's lack of critical judgment that she speaks of these letters as "among the best in any language"); but they reveal a quiet and happy domestic life, and a purity and simplicity of mind, that remind one of Mrs. Somerville. The second volume of the "Life and Works" is made up of the best of Mrs. Barbauld's prose essays, sketches, and tales, and includes all her poems, except a few of the earlier and longer ones. Among these is the whole of the noble ode to "Life," of which these lines are probably familiar to the reader, though they are always worth recalling:

"Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not 'Good-night'—but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good-morning'!"

"The International Scientific Series" is now growing at a rate which can hardly be otherwise than satisfactory to its readers, and which will soon cause it to occupy a respectable position, in point of space, on the library-shelf. It is only a week or two since we noticed the "Conservation of Energy," and now we have the eighth issue of the series, entitled "Animal Locomotion," by J. Bell Pettigrew, M. D., F. R. S. In this work the author seems hardly to have caught the popular tone, which has been so admirable a characteristic of the preceding issues; and his treatise is at once more technical and elaborate, and less easily understood. This was perhaps inevitable from the highly-complex nature of the subject, and the necessity he was under of finding mathematical equivalents for things which, in the popular apprehension, are not connected with mathematics at all; but the main point Dr. Pettigrew has made abundantly clear, and that is, the beautifully simple principles on which Nature has founded animal locomotion—whether walking, swimming, or flying. In the three chief sections of the book, "Progression on the Land," "Progression on and in the Water," and "Progression in or through the Air," he proves that this locomotion, however diverse in appearance, is essentially identical; and that a man or horse in walking, a fish in swimming, and a bird in flying, move forward in precisely the same manner, by a series of double intersecting curves, or "figure-of-8 motion." Perhaps the most interesting portion of the volume is the chapter on "Aéronautics." Dr. Pettigrew is a firm believer in the possibility of aerial navigation—believes, in fact, that the air will in future be the great highway of nations. But "the discovery of the balloon," he says, "has retarded the science of

aëration, by misleading men's minds, and causing them to look for a solution of the problem by the aid of a machine lighter than the air, and which has no-analogue in Nature." His own idea is, that flight must be achieved by means of some apparatus constructed on the principle of a bird's wing; and, accordingly, the greater portion of the chapter is devoted to an analysis and explanation of the structure of the wing, and its mode of acting on the air. There are a great number of illustrations in the book, which materially assist the reader in understanding the text. (D. Appleton & Co.)

"Jupiter's Daughters," by Mrs. C. Jenken, is the latest issue in the "Leisure-Hour Series" (Henry Holt & Co.), and has the merit—highly prized by critics, as the reader has probably had occasion to observe—of being brief enough to be "read at one sitting." Further than this, there is not much to say about it. Like Mrs. Jenken's earlier stories, it gives some apparently truthful glimpses of French social life; it is written in vivacious style, and there is no objection to be made to it on the score of good morals or good taste; but, on the other hand, it shows no insight into character, nor any special narrative power, and leaves hardly an impression upon the mind. It seems, indeed, to fit exactly into that class of novels which, by reason of the small demand they make upon the reader's attention, are defined by the *Athenaeum* as "good for people with the toothache."

The last *Spectator* has a singularly acute analysis of "the genius of Dickens," the writer holding that Dickens had no "city of the mind," without which it was impossible for him to gain command of the deeper secrets of human emotion and passion: "No author, indeed, could draw more powerfully than he the mood of a man hunted by a fixed idea, a shadowy apprehension, a fear, a dream, a remorse. If Dickens had to describe the restlessness of a murderer, or the panic of a man apprehending murder, he did it with a vigor and force that make the blood curdle. But there, again, he was studying in a world of most specific experience. He was a vivid dreamer, and no one knew better the sort of supremacy which a given idea gets over the mind in a dream, and in those walking states of nervous apprehension akin to dreams. Where he utterly fails in giving the breadth of ordinary life to ordinary characters. He never drew a mere artisan, or a mere laborer, or laborer's wife, or a mere shopkeeper, or a mere gentleman or lady, or a mere man or woman of rank. Without something to render such characters peculiar and special, he made the most wooden work of them, simply because he had no field of special experience upon which to draw for their delineation."

In an obituary notice of the late M. Michelet, the *Saturday Review* says: "Michelet has been rather unfairly called a superficial writer. He was evidently a man of much research and extensive reading, and it would seem that he worked hard in the collection of materials. He is not superficial, but he is fanciful and fantastic. He builds up the most gigantic framework of argument on some petty circumstance, in which his eyes discover what everybody else is blind to. Any one who chooses to stare at the clouds or brood over the fire, may see some wonderful sights; and there is, on the whole, rather too much of this brooding fancy in Michelet's history. Yet it is an extremely interesting and suggestive work, and should certainly not be omitted from the library of any student of history who wants ideas as well as dates. 'My life,' the author used to say, 'is in that book; it passed into it. It is my only event. I made it, and it has made me.'"

The *Saturday Review* observes, in a review of "The Gilded Age," that "America has as yet had so little time in which to establish a standard literature, that the appearance of a sustained effort in the shape of novel or romance, from the pen of a well-known American writer, seems an agreeable

event to the English reader, whose eye is wearied merely by running over the voluminous announcements of works forthcoming in the market of his own country." With regard to this particular novel, it thinks that those "who wish to retain their admiration of Mark Twain unalloyed, had better leave 'The Gilded Age' alone."

The *Athenaeum* thinks the truth about Dickens's separation from his wife is that, "after three-and-twenty years of married life, he was weary of the wife of his youth and middle age. He could make no self-application of the old adage, 'bear and forbear!' He had no real fault to find, but there was a dreamy idea of his having missed some imaginary being whom Heaven had, perhaps, designed for him; and, having made a skeleton for his closet, he saw it, in his mind's eye, growing like the helmet in the 'Castle of Otranto.'"

It is announced, in English literary circles, that Mr. Henry R. Taylor, of Manchester, is engaged upon a work to be entitled "The Life and Times of Lord Byron," in which he will bring forward much fresh material throwing light upon the poet's life, and, among others, authentic documents bearing upon "the Byron scandal."

One of the English trade organs complains that the literary criticism of the present day is done by "clever young university hands, who do their criticisms to order, and who lead out their victims in a weekly batch, and dispatch an epic with a stab by a steel pen, or poison a whole family of novels with an ounce of ink."

Art.

M. R. FERGUSSON, an artist, who has lately returned from a three years' residence in South America, has a studio at 6 Astor Place, where he has been painting pictures from his tropical sketches. It is astonishing to find how little people really know of scenery in distant portions of the South, beyond the narrow circle of ordinary travel. Except for the interpretations of Nature, by an occasional enterprising artist, the peculiarity of different regions is really unknown to us, save in the crude descriptions of geographies or books of travels. Most American lovers of art are acquainted with Church's "Heart of the Andes," which, perhaps, has made South America a more positive place to them than any thing else. It is for this reason, partly, that the beautiful pictures by Mr. Fergusson have a particular charm, apart from their technical excellences, which are very great. About three years ago Mr. Fergusson went to the Andes, and, on horseback and on foot, traveled thousands of miles among the high regions of which Humboldt, in his "Cosmos," Mrs. Somerville, in her "Physical Geography," and De Quincey, in the "Spanish Nun," have given us such vivid word-pictures. Church, in his "Heart of the Andes," has given us an epitome of this wonderful region, but, so far as we have seen, it has remained for Mr. Fergusson to bring to our knowledge varied and detailed and faithfully-studied delineations of its deep gorges, snowy mountains, pampas, rivers, and forests, not to mention the accessory charm which is afforded by the old Spanish architectural remains. Looking over a few of the two hundred sketches which are contained in the artist's portfolio, one is amazed at the varied combinations in the forms of the natural features of the landscape. One of these views, rich in every conceivable hue of the iris, presents a magnificent combination of mountain-peaks, a sea of hills, and, unlike the serrated line of the Rocky Mountains, as Bierstadt has portrayed them, these firmly-drawn granite peaks rise each perfect and characteristic in line and geological stratification, east, west,

south, and north, in immense number. From this group of mountains, cut by no deep ravines, and bare of vegetation, their summits covered with snow, Mr. Fergusson has on his easel the beginning of a large picture. Another scene, more in harmony with our usual conception of South America, is a painting, nearly complete, of a tropical valley, clad with dense foliage, above which rises a long line of snowy peaks, which, like those in the other scenes to which we have alluded, are wonderfully varied and individual in character, and vastly more picturesque than any paintings of our northern mountains.

Mr. Fergusson, as an artist, has remarkable advantages for the portrayal of such a class of landscapes; with a fine eye and feeling for color, both for fullness and harmony, he draws very firmly and carefully, which last quality prevents his works from having merely the effect of a splendid palette of hues, or the chiaro-oscuro, the forced and theatrical effect, so easily the bane of strong contrasts of light and shade. Mr. Fergusson has worked very hard, and we have seldom seen a more valuable result than he has produced at the cost of long hardship and great toil.

Stage scene-painting in the branch of landscape attained great excellence two decades ago, but very remarkable advances have been made within a few years in the painting and arrangement of interiors. Some of the parlor and library scenes in recent plays produced in New York have been admirable; occasionally the taste has been too gorgeous, and too manifestly the product of the upholsterer, but not unfrequently a distinctly inventive as well as artistic genius has presided over them. The improvement on the London stage is so notable that the *Academy* devotes, in a recent number, considerable space to the subject. It describes a drawing-room scene in a new play, a dramatic version of Miss Edwards's novel, "Ought we to visit her?" which it pronounces the result of a good conception, "imperfectly realized: a Jacobean room: a 'constructive interior' (as some new advertisements say), with something that is pleasant and something that is bad. Here the hand has not been lavish enough. The tone of the room is good, but the accessories insufficient." Of another interior at the Haymarket, "that very pleasant chamber tenanted by Smailey—the arch-ruffian of the new comedy 'Charity,'" it says: "The work, though scarcely fine, is more complete than harmonious. The eye rests not unhappily on the dull ebonized dressers, stored with blue china—though the china be not of surpassing quality—and on the quiet-colored walls, though these be hung with nothing more precious than the Japanese fans, the love of which has lately provoked the *Saturday* to an exhibition of manly satire."

One of the most interesting portraits that have come from Page's easel for a long time, is the duplicated copy of Colonel Robert E. Shaw, now at his studio. Painted from the same likeness as the former portrait, Mr. Page, in this picture, which is to adorn some public building, has treated the accessories in a manner we believe entirely new. Everybody is familiar with the golden backgrounds on which the old masters portrayed saints and heroes; and Mr. Page, liking this idea, has surrounded the young hero of Fort Wagner with a gold-colored aura of paint, deep and rich as a Murillo, and sparkling with a light pure as sunshine, in front of which the straight, soldierly form of the young hero cuts clear and brilliant. It is too late to place halos around the

head of any man, but it seems to us a clever association of thoughts, to suggest a glory, which the prosaic spirit of the times only would prevent from being a proper surrounding to a man of Colonel Shaw's patriotism and self-devotion.

The water-colors of the present London exhibition consist mainly, according to the *Spectator*, of "sunny glimpses of green fields and flowery brook-sides; stretches of breezy moorland; wave-washed beaches, and sea-girt cliffs; reminders, in short, of pleasant summer sojourns or wanderings, or generally of life beyond brick walls and smoky streets; some fresh flower-studies to afford spots of gay color, and a few nicely-painted heads or rustic figures to give variety."

A painting by Gérôme, representing a gladiatorial contest in the arena, has been purchased by an American, and has left Paris for this country. It represents the moment when a victorious combatant, with his foot upon his prostrate antagonist, appeals to the audience for the decision of life or death.

Music and the Drama.

ON Sunday night, March 2d, there was interpreted, at St. Ann's Church, in Twelfth Street, the music of a noble and impressive work, by the author of "Faust," originally produced under the title of "Gallia." It was conceived as a musical elegy over the woes of defeated and down-trodden France after the late war, and is full of the most exquisite music. For American use it was transformed into a "Stabat-Mater," and presented by the choir of M. Louis Dechauer. The care and finish with which it was interpreted entitle the choir and its excellent director to the thanks of all that heard it, and we trust it may soon be produced again. The treatment of the composer is marked with a certain massive, solemn simplicity, drawn from the deepest fountains of feeling, and worthy of the grand old masters of religious music; for, though not written as religious music, it essentially belongs to it by virtue of the profound sorrow and melancholy with which it is pregnant. The choruses and orchestration are marvelous both in conception and beauty of art-form, and the contrapuntal features are, in some respects, more than usually complicated and difficult. It was so well interpreted, however, as to be entirely free from any "hitch," or *contre-tempo*, from its opening to its closing measures.

Another work by M. Gounod has recently been causing more than usual musical excitement in London. Its character is difficult to classify. The "Jeanne d'Arc" music, though essentially operatic in form and mode of construction, to judge by the elaborate notices in the London journals, cannot be called an opera; hardly, either, a *cantata*, for the music is too essentially and profoundly dramatic, as well as intricately woven in its orchestral and vocal effects. The composer himself describes it as "incidental music," like that of Beethoven's to "Egmont," Mendelssohn's to "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Meyerbeer's to "Struensee," etc.; but yet it is far different, as it has *solo* and choral elements developed on the noblest scale. The drama of M. Barbier, originally a failure when produced in Paris last year, found its way afterward smoothed to acceptance by the music, written for it by Gounod. It is this music which has been produced, under the composer's own direction, in London. The work of M. Barbier recapitulates

the principal events of the French heroine's career, whether sanctioned by history or legend, from Domremy to Chinon, from Chinon to the Bridge of Orleans, from the Bridge of Orleans to Rheims, from Rheims to Rouen, and the terrible funeral-pyre. These furnish a noble inspiration to the genius of the musical composer, and Gounod seems to have produced results worthy of the subject.

There is said to be such uniform power in all the numbers of the work, which are only fourteen, that it shows the composer not merely to have possessed the subject, but to have been possessed and carried away by it. In what essentials such a work differs from opera, except in general accessories and the lack of *bravura* fireworks for the soprano, it is difficult to see. We judge, from the description of the music, and the fact that the latter has undergone considerable modification and change, that it is designed by Gounod as the study for a grand opera, which will yet be produced in full-orbed perfection to the Barbier libretto. As yet it seems rather to have been the spontaneous outburst of creative genius than the result of scholastic work. When the latter is added to crystallize and finish the whole, we may get something which will do as much to immortalize the name of Gounod as what he has already done in "Faust," "Mireille," and "Romeo et Juliet."

Thomas's fourth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, on the evening of February 28th, was the magnet to attract an immense audience, though the music was all of a severe and strictly classical character, if we except the exceedingly *bizarre* and striking "Bachanale," from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," a manuscript work which Mr. Thomas has given a New-York public only once before. This was written for the presentation of the opera, of which it now forms a part, in Paris in 1861, being a part of the music for the opening scene on the "Venusberg."

The orchestration of this unique number seems to have been designed purely for descriptive effect, and we doubt whether its merit can be properly appreciated out of the perfect operatic setting, as the music is so entirely relative to the situation for which it is designed. The interpretation of Mr. Thomas and his band was wonderful in its vigor and delicacy of coloring, but we can hardly think that many such selections would add greatly to the attractions of a concert, where each number must stand purely on its own merits.

The concert began with Cherubini's "Introduction to the Third Act of Media," one of those nobly and simply grand compositions which are as clean-cut and nakedly perfect as an antique Greek statue. The effects of the grand *crescendo* are wrought out entirely with the strings, helped by the drums. That brass instruments in Cherubini's time had not attained the perfection which now so frequently tempts composers of the later school to abuse their capacity in working up musical climaxes, is perhaps almost an advantage in this piece, for the writer has done grand things with the string instruments.

One of the most delicious renderings of the evening was that of the "Bach Concerto," for string orchestra in three movements. The fantastic, fairy-like sweetness with which the melody was embroidered in the first and third movements, could not conceal the depth and power of the harmony beneath; and the slow and melancholy movement of the *adagio* was pregnant with pathetic beauty. In this part there is a charming violin *obbligato*, admirably done by Mr. Listemann.

Schumann's glorious Second Symphony in C, and Beethoven's Third Leonora Overture, have been so often interpreted by this orchestra to the delight of the New-York public, that there is no need in speaking, either of the music itself or the style in which it was rendered. One of the most agreeable features of the performance was Volkmann's "Serenade in D Minor," never before done in New York. This gave Herr Lubeck an admirable opportunity in a violoncello *obligato*, which he improved to the utmost by an interpretation of exquisite smoothness and tenderness. The "Serenade," as a whole, is full of grace and passion, and worthy of becoming a permanent addition to the *répertoire* of Mr. Thomas.

Mr. Gilbert's comedy of "Charity," now on the boards of the Fifth-Avenue Theatre, just misses being a specially good play; and it misses this excellence wholly because of a diffuseness in the closing scenes, which, while weakening the interest of the spectator, leaves him in a haze as to the meaning of much that is acting before him, or that is referred to as having occurred in the past. Entire perspicuity is one elementary necessity in every work of dramatic art, and directness of action is another. "Charity," which, at one period in the course of its representation, promises to gain a great hold upon the spectators, drifts away from their sympathies and interests simply because these two fundamental principles have been neglected. This is to be regretted, inasmuch as the play is, in other particulars, well done. It has a few capital characterizations and some telling scenes; and is, moreover, exceedingly well played at Mr. Daly's theatre. We do not recollect an instance where a play has been so uniformly well acted in all its parts. Miss Davenport has evinced an unsuspected talent for serious parts; Mr. George Clarke gives a singularly good delineation of a hypocritical scoundrel; Miss Dyas shows how well she can act the lady, and how genuine her power is of expressing emotion.

The story is quite too intricate to explain. It turns mainly upon the position in which a good woman finds herself who has committed an indiscretion, which certain persecuting hypocrites are doing their best to turn to their advantage and her ruin. It is put upon the stage charmingly, some of the interiors being alone worthy a visit as artistic studies.

Mr. Robertson's "School" has reached its five hundredth performance in London, a triumph the *Athenaeum* pronounces unprecedented in theatrical history. Five hundred consecutive performances of a comedy that is as fresh, delicate, and pure, as a rose-bud—this in an age when, according to people who do not go to the theatre, the stage "wallows in corruption!" At the present moment there are on the New-York stage, "Money," by Bulwer, at Wallack's, which has had a very long run—one of the dramas, of course, that "wallows in corruption;" "Led Astray," at the Union Square, a very pleasing French play, but one of the class that "wallows in corruption;" then, at Booth's, Janáček is playing Shakespeare, and the dramas of other writers who, of course, also "wallow in corruption."

If the theory of the music of the future be a correct one—that is, that the excellence of music is in the ratio of its significance as the embodiment of thought and feeling, and not for the sole sake of sonorous beauty—then, according to the *Examiner*, "it follows that the musician of the future must be a poet; that, however richly gifted with a natural feeling for melody, or skilled in the technicalities of musical art, these endowments and accomplishments will go for nothing unless he can compose a poetical text, or at least vitally assimilate one

with which some eminent poet has provided him. It apparently ensues that illustrious dramatic composers, at all events, will henceforth be exceedingly scarce."

There is talk in London about a new operatic star who is to rise on the musical horizon next June. It is Mlle. Lodi, whom the Italian critics have praised not only for her genius, but her beauty; who is, of course, a member of a noble family, impoverished by means of political trouble; whom an aristocratic relative, one Count Amalfi, offered to handsomely endow if she would not go on the stage, but whose genius could not thus be put under a bushel; who made a tremendous hit in Milan and at Trieste; and who is engaged by Mapleton for the next London season at sixty pounds a night.

National and Statistical.

Commerce of the Great Lakes.

THE unexampled progress of the commercial growth of the United States is nowhere more forcibly exhibited than in the vast increase of the trade and navigation of the Western lakes, the great inland seas of Erie, Ontario, Huron, Superior, and Michigan, covering an area of over 90,000 square miles, and draining nearly four times that extent of territory. A century ago these unsalted seas were almost untracked, save by the aboriginal canoe, and their waters emptied into the ocean through almost unbroken solitudes. Now these majestic highways support an internal and foreign commerce that keeps employed a gross tonnage of 650,000 tons annually, including 700 steamers and 10,000 sailing-vessels. The port of Chicago alone, last year, is credited with an arrival of 11,858 vessels, of the aggregate tonnage of 3,225,911; and the clearances during the same period represented a tonnage of 3,388,808; while, in one month, there was an arrival of tonnage equal to 517,286 tons. No Atlantic seaport can boast of such a marine trade. The lake and river commerce supported by the great inland seas equal at least five hundred million dollars annually.

The development of this great traffic has been hastened, in part, by the construction of the Erie and Welland Canals; and, upon the lake-shore of either nationality, opulent marts of trade now flourish in commercial glory, which are duplicating every ten years, and control a commerce and tonnage that outrivals that of the cities by the sea-side. Upon one side of the lake-shore we have Ogdensburg, Oswego, Rochester, Buffalo, Dunkirk, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Grand Haven, Chicago, Milwaukee, Duluth, and Green Bay; and, on the other side, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Coborne, etc., all outgrowths of this immense trade. To New York, however, deserves the credit of first reaching this great traffic, for it was through her enterprise in this respect that its chief city has become the maritime capital of the Union. We refer to the completion of the Erie Canal. Four years after, the enterprising citizens of the provinces opened the Welland Canal, connecting Lake Erie with Lake Ontario, and which is, in fact, the key to all the other canals. The Welland Canal was projected by the Honorable Hamilton Merritt, a man who probably did more during his lifetime to develop the resources of Canada than any other man we have heard of. This great artificial highway, as it now exists, is used almost wholly by American tonnage. The Dominion Government have decided to enlarge it so as to take ships down. It now admits vessels carrying from fifteen to twenty thousand bushels of grain.

A brief glance at the early history of the first lake-craft may not be uninteresting in connection with this subject. At an early day in our colonial history, France was not unmindful of the advantages which Buffalo, now at the head of the Erie Canal, and at the outlet of the Upper Lakes, enjoyed for trade; and the French aimed at extensive dominion upon this continent, and took possession of these regions. In the middle of the seventeenth century, says the historian, she had begun to belt the American settlements with a line of fortresses, for the support of her claims and the extension of her rival interests. On the 26th of January, 1679, at the mouth of the Cayuga Creek, on the American side of the Niagara, Sieur de la Salle, who, by authority, had established a trading-post on the present site of Fort Niagara, laid the keel of a vessel of sixty tons burden. She was named the Griffin, and, as an armed craft, she entered, amid the discharge of her diminutive artillery and the chanting of the *Té Deum*, the waters of Lake Erie, an object of "terror among all the savages who lived on the great lakes and rivers within five hundred miles." The Griffin reached the mouth of Detroit River five days after, and thence passed into a lake, which the adventurers named St. Clair; and, during the same month (August 23d), entered Lake Huron, the *Té Deum* still rising in thankfulness for preservation thus far. Crossing the lake amid perils, they sailed forty leagues to Green Bay, in Wisconsin, whence La Salle, having gathered a rich cargo of furs, dispatched the vessel on her return to Niagara. The vessel was never after heard of, and is supposed to have foundered on Lake Huron. And thus we have the first record of attempted navigation on the great lakes. At a later period the lake-regions became the field of contest between the French and English. The first English vessel built on Lake Ontario was a schooner of forty-foot keel, with fourteen sweeps or oars, and twelve swivels, launched June 28, 1755. During the same year, Governor Shirley, of Massachusetts, led an expedition through the wilderness from Albany to Oswego, and built, at that place, a sloop and schooner, of sixty tons each, for offensive purposes. The first American vessel built on Lake Huron was at Hanford's Landing, three miles below Rochester, and called Jemima. This was in 1798. The amount of ship-building upon the great lakes since 1850 has reached a very large figure, and some of the vessels built last year have a capacity for 100,000 bushels of corn or wheat. The American and Dominion ship-builders vie with each other in floating handsome and stanch specimens of marine architecture. Since the war our neighbors, operating under auspicious conditions, obvious to every American reader, have prosecuted this branch of industry with great success. In 1872 there were built in the Dominion of Canada 115,000 tons.

The trade of the lakes, oceanward, has increased wonderfully during the past ten or fifteen years. The aggregate shipments of flour and each variety of grain from the American ports of Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, and Toledo, from January 1, 1873, to and including December 27, 1873, were: flour, 5,640,604 barrels; wheat, 56,651,284 bushels; corn, 49,400,672; oats, 29,495,784; barley, 4,411,056; rye, 1,901,080. Total bushels of cereals, 134,159,876; and flour reduced to bushels, 28,208,020: grand total, 162,362,896. The total amount of shipments in 1873 was 187,591,434 bushels; in 1871, 119,583,347 bushels; and, in 1870, 84,824,828 bushels. It is proper to state here that the rail shipments in 1870 and 1871, from January 1st to the opening of navigation, are

not included. There was also transported over the Erie Canal, last season, 50,796,676 bushels of grain. Crossing the lake to Montreal, the grand foreign export-depot of the Dominion lake-commerce, we find that the trade of that city, in 1873, amounted to over 18,000,000 bushels; and its importations from the United States, and principally from the port of Chicago, were represented by about the same figures. The grain-trade of Montreal appears to have grown proportionately with the growth of the West and with the increase of the demands of Great Britain. In this connection it will be interesting to state, fifteen years ago, when there was a conference of persons interested in developing the Georgian Canal route, a paper in Chicago, advocating the case, made the then bold statement that the city of Chicago, in twenty-five years (in 1883), would export 50,000,000 bushels of grain! Within ten years of that time the figures had been exceeded, and in 1873 it shipped over 96,000,000 bushels, mostly to the Atlantic coast. Canada has already spent thirty million dollars in the improvement of its water-highways, and the government proposes to spend twenty millions additional, in order that those highways may be commensurate with the grain-trade of this great continent. In the mean time, the States of the Union which produce the immense crops that create the wonderful commerce of the unsalted seas, find that they are unable, except at a tax of from one-half to two-thirds of the cost of their entire crop, to move it. Therefore, while the united Dominion has sought to get a good share of the Western trade, and has succeeded to no small extent, it has assisted the West in moving its crops to the seaboard. In view of these facts, too, it is no wonder that the Dominion is inclined to engage in a liberal policy in relation to the inland trade and commerce of the continent; and no doubt the day is not far distant when American vessels will take advantage of the great river, leading to the ocean, that separates the two countries, without hindrance. This question involves the one of reciprocal Canadian trade, with which this article has no direct connection, but may be discussed at a future time. The fact may be appropriately mentioned, however, that, when the Treaty of Ghent was made, the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River by American vessels was overlooked. The matter was not deemed of sufficient importance, as no one at that time dreamed that that river would be wanted to enhance the interests of a great continental commerce. It is true that the Washington Treaty allows the free navigation of the St. Lawrence River to the ocean, but the use of the canals, which are private Canadian property, has never been guaranteed to the United States, and hence the use of the great river to the Atlantic, without the free use of the canals, is, in fact, a prohibition of such commerce. The day is not far distant, we think, when discriminating legislation in this respect will cease. The feeling of the business-men of Canada is most favorable to a liberal policy toward the people of the United States. The interests of the two countries are identical in relation to their commercial interests, at least so far as the transportation of the products of the eleven grain-growing Western States is concerned. The United States furnish more than three-fourths of what feeds the Canadian canals, but, as we have already hinted, these same canals hold the key to the navigation of the St. Lawrence River to the ocean; hence the need of new American lines, rail and steam, for transportation from Chicago to the seaboard.

Science and Invention.

THE *Boston Journal of Chemistry*, which we have long recognized as one of the most entertaining and instructive of our exchanges, presents, in its March number, an article entitled "A Day's Work," containing information that will prove of marked interest to mechanics, and all others who earn their bread by "the sweat of the brow." We condense from it as follows: The unit, adopted in comparing different kinds of muscular labor, as of mechanical force, is known under the title of the "foot-pound;" that is, the force required to raise one pound one foot, and the "foot-ton" is the force required to lift a ton, twenty-two hundred and forty pounds, one foot, or one pound twenty-two hundred and forty feet. Adopting this "foot-ton" as the unit for measuring a fair day's work of an able-bodied man, we find that three hundred foot-tons is an average day's work for a strong man in good health. The work of the porters ranges between three and four hundred foot-tons, while that of the Indian cooly, who traveled thirty miles, with an ascent of five thousand five hundred feet, under a load of eighty pounds, represents a daily work of five hundred foot-tons. The muscular force expended by a man walking along a level is equivalent to raising one-twentieth part of the weight of his body through the distance walked, while in ascending a hill the whole weight of the body is lifted to the height attained; hence, if a man weighs one hundred and fifty pounds, a mile's walk along a level surface represents over seventeen foot-tons, which a day's journey of twenty miles brings up to three hundred and fifty-three, or more than the labor of the average porter. If the man be above the average in weight, or carries a burden, as in the case of the cooly, or soldier, this work is, of course, proportionately increased. It is possible to greatly concentrate this muscular energy, as in the case of an oarsman in a boat-race, who, if he rows one mile in seven minutes, expends a force equivalent to between eighteen and nineteen foot-tons. In addition to this external, or voluntary, muscular labor, we have the internal work, such as that accomplished by the muscles concerned in respiration, circulation, digestion, and other vital processes, which may be roughly estimated at two hundred and sixty foot-tons each. The moral, briefly pointed, from these facts, might be, to avoid all effort that has not for its end some definite purpose, since the force exercised in one work is lost for any other.

The members of the Perthshire (Scotland) Society of Natural Sciences, following the example of the Western "Grangers," addressed to the recent candidates for the representation in Parliament for the county and city of Perth a communication, in which they were respectfully requested to state whether, in the event of their election, they would use their influence to urge upon the government the adoption of the following measures: 1. The appointment of a responsible Minister of Education. 2. The promotion of scientific exploration expeditions, such as that of an arctic expedition, which the late government was in vain requested to promote. 3. The providing of means for carrying on unremunerative scientific research. From later information we learn that the Liberal candidate sent no reply to these questions, while the answers of the Conservatives were favorable. Though our first impulse might be to condemn the action of the Liberals, a more thoughtful review of their po-

sition brings with it a conviction of its soundness. These candidates for popular favor, while showing what might at first appear as a needless disregard for the claims of science, evidently were familiar with the true theory of government. Although the proclaimed friends and advocates of popular education, they were willing to lose the favor of the schools rather than indorse a policy which was foreign to the true and what should be the sole purpose of government—the protection of the lives and property of the governed.

Lieutenant Maurice, private secretary to Sir Garnet Wolseley, commander of the Ashante Expedition, in a recent letter, dated headquarters, Yancoomassie, presents the following facts, that will prove of great interest to philologists. The communication was in answer to one addressed to him on the general subject to which it relates, and the extract to which we allude is as follows: "A somewhat curious piece of word-coining, which has fallen under our notice here, may interest you in connection with the broader aspects of the subject of which you write. The Ashantees, having experience of our rockets only as they come to them in destructive form at the end of their journey, call them by the sound they make, 'Schou-schou,' or something of the kind. The Fantees, on the other hand, adopt bodily into their language our own names for those things which they have not seen before. Thus, to the Housa, or the Fantee, in speaking to one another, our rockets are named rockets, while their enemies call them schou-schou. It is possible that, as war has not been, in savage times, an uncommon condition of mankind, analogous causes for different names having been adopted by different nations may have been not unfrequent in the past."

The editors of the *Industrial Monthly* have recently introduced into their valuable journal a feature which can but add to the numerous attractions with which their readers are already familiar. This consists of a special department entitled "Spirit of the Industrial Press," which is simply a carefully-compiled list of all the articles of any importance that are to be found in our current industrial literature. The *Monthly* for February devotes five columns to this valuable department, and presents what are, in fact, the condensed indexes of ten of the most prominent American and English industrial journals. As a convenience to students and mechanics, this feature cannot be appreciated too highly, while the public will not fail to recognize in it a generous appreciation of contemporary efforts which, we regret to say, is as rare as it is praiseworthy.

The cause of commercial honesty, as well as scientific accuracy, has found a practical ally in the Astronomer Royal. This zealous public servant is announced to have placed at the entrance-gate of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, a balance, so contrived as to show, by means of an index on a large, divided arc, how many grains too light or too heavy any ordinary pound-weight is. This being a public institution, it is open from eight A. M. to two P. M., between which hours any person may test his own or his neighbor's pound-weight. Already a similar privilege has been accorded to those who would compare and verify standards of length, and we doubt not the precincts of Greenwich are already shunned by the evil-minded or covetous tradesman.

After thirty-four years of careful labor, Dr. Schmidt, Professor of Astronomy in the Univer-

sity at Athens, has at last completed his great map of the moon. This map, which is justly regarded as one of the greatest astronomical results of the century, is said to be a marvel of accurate mapping and minute draughtsmanship. Although over six feet in diameter, the shading is so delicate that any portion of the surface will bear the closest examination, even with a lens, without the discovery of any coarse or rough work. Although prominence is given to the artistic worth of this map, its importance and value, viewed from a scientific standing-point, far exceeds any claims of mere artistic excellence.

There is said to be a single arsenic-mine in Cornwall, the monthly product of which is sufficient to destroy the lives of five hundred millions of human beings; while, if the amount of white arsenic contained in the adjacent storehouses were judiciously administered, in suitable doses, to every living creature, this globe of ours would be completely depopulated.

Contemporary Sayings.

"FOR three months past" says the London *Spectator*, discussing the Bengal famine, "the London press, true for once to its imperial function, has warned the empire that a calamity of unknown but certainly gigantic dimensions was approaching with a slow, persistent march, before which any ordinary precautions, any precautions, indeed, save such as would be taken against an invasion, would be like heaps of sand against an advancing sea. With a strange and unprecedented unanimity, London journals, of all opinions and all politics, have warned the officials that they were living in a fools' paradise, indulging in dreams sure never to be realized. The minor officials could not believe that the journals knew better than themselves, could not even imagine that for once they were being warned by experience as great as their own, by foresight in which they were totally deficient, and information as superior to theirs as if the question in hand had been one of foreign politics."

"Spiritual convulsions," says the Rev. Mr. Frothingham, "always follow commercial disasters. Reverses in trade, panics, cause idleness, conduce to hopelessness with regard to the future, sadness with regard to the present. Many look for the cause of such disaster in their moral condition, and seek renewed prosperity by attempting to propitiate a supposed angry God. War, more disastrous than commercial panics, is never followed by a spiritual convulsion, because war gives employment, facilitates business, drives industry at its fastest speed. War stimulates, kindles emulation, makes a people culminating. Even in defeat, war heaves men up to new endeavor; it nerves. Commercial disaster unnerves. War teaches man to depend on self; commercial disaster teaches of how little avail is self-dependence. Religious revival, popularly so called, follows, therefore, close upon the heels of panic."

If the report of an insurance company does not come under the general theory of a "contemporary saying," it is at least an utterance of very great interest to an immense number of people, and this must be our excuse for quoting here what the officers of the New-York Life Insurance Company have to say in regard to their recent doings. We learn, from their twenty-ninth annual report, that the receipts of the company for the year 1873 exceeded its disbursements nearly three millions of dollars, these disbursements including death-losses, dividends, annuities, expenses, and all outgoes of every kind. By consulting the report, it will be observed that the company began the present year with assets amounting to twenty-four million four hundred and thirty thousand dollars. "This," according to one journal, "is a magnificent showing"—a "contemporary saying," everybody will heartily indorse.

The *Boston Traveler* regrets that Washington had not been born a few weeks later in the year, in order that the season might be more propitious for the anniversary of the great man's birth. "We have known," it says, "the 23d to be of almost all conceivable kinds of badness: we have known it to be cold enough to freeze even patriotism, and hot enough to thaw out a patriot's money; and we have known it to be snowy, and sleety, and slushy, and rainy, and icy, and muddy, and dusty, and dirty, and every way bad. Even when it is a good day, its goodness is unseasonable, for who wishes for a summer day in winter, or for August weather in February? So we see that to make a holiday out of the 23d of February is as difficult a matter as it would be to make a silly purse out of a sow's ear, or to convert the porcine lady's bristles into feathers for the bird-of-paradise."

The *Spectator* thinks that, "wonderful as are the riches of the various specific worlds which Dickens ransacked for his creations, there is nothing in him, as the most realistic and picturesque of describers, to equal his humor. The wealth and subtlety of his contrasts, the fine aim of his exaggerations, the presence of mind (which is the soul of wit) displayed in his satire, the exquisitely professional character of the sentiments and metaphors which fall from his characters, the combined audacity and microscopic delicacy of his shading in caricature, the quaint flights of his fancy in illustrating a monstrous absurdity, the suddenness of his strokes at one moment, the cumulative perseverance of his touches at another, all make him such a humorist as many centuries are not likely to reproduce."

"I tell you," says "Old Cabinet," in *Scribner's*, "when a man who has been surrounded with pure influences—I do not mean with austerity or fanaticism, from which he would be likely to suffer reaction—when a man who has breathed no atmosphere but that of moderation and decorum looks back upon his own life, and trembles at his hundred hair-breadth 'escapes' from utter ruin, of one kind or another, he cannot help wondering what keeps the unprotected classes from going altogether and utterly to the bad. It was one of the best saints out of the calendar who declared himself competent to commit any crime under the sun of which he had ever heard, and what it is that keeps the average sinner from going straight through the criminal list it is hard to tell."

"We conceive it is far better," utters the *Church Journal* on the subject of compulsory education, "that we should have a population self-reliant, self-helpful, independent people, though a small proportion may not be able to read dime novels, than to have everybody in the land reading, writing, and ciphering ten hours a day, at the cost of making Americans the helpless, ticketed and numbered, irresponsible automata of a paternal government, which they look to for bread when they are hungry, shows when they need amusement, and a grave when they are dead."

Harper's "Easy Chair" says of Agassiz: "No sounder piece of manhood was put together in this century. It was a great nature, affluent, genial, overflowing with sympathy, absolutely unselfish, artless and fresh as a child's, with a poetic warmth and tenderness and vastness that suggested Burns, while the steadiness, the manly energy, the simple uprightness, the goodness, were all Scott."

Mr. Grant White, having pointed out that Mr. Mill steadily uses the word *commence* in his autobiography, and that *begin* occurs only once, the *Independent* remarks that "it is true that Mill was not a verbal purist, but when he wrote he contrived to make himself perfectly understood without any effort on the part of the reader; and for that, if for nothing else, he is entitled to the gratitude of all who admire good English."

The *Boston Traveler* thinks it not unlikely that some of the people fed at the New-York soup-houses are unworthy of what they get, but, then, so "are many members of Congress and many members of Legislatures." The *Traveler* has rather a brief list of the unworthy. "Use every man after his desert, and who shall 'scape whipping?"

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

FEBRUARY 26.—Severe storm on the British coast. Schooner Emma Maria wrecked on the Scottish coast; all on board perish.

A dispatch from Fort Sully, Dakota, states that the Unepapas made a raid on the herders near the Grand-River Agency, killing Private Collins, of the Seventh Infantry; also that the Indians intend concentrating at the foot of the Black Hills by April 1st, preparatory to a general war upon the whites.

Death, at Concord, N. H., of Ira Perley, ex-Chief-Judge of New Hampshire; aged seventy-five years.

FEBRUARY 27.—Professor Huxley installed as Rector of the University of Aberdeen.

Dispatches to London from Central Asia report an attack on the Russian fortifications by the Yamud Toorkomans, who were defeated.

Advices from Japan that the insurgents have advanced to the walls of Nagasaki. There has been some fighting, but the result is unknown.

Advices from Spain that General Moriones has been repulsed three times by the Carlist forces before Bilbao.

FEBRUARY 28.—The Tichborne claimant convicted of perjury, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude.

Advices from Madrid: Señor Serrano has been officially declared President of the Republic of Spain; and Señor Zabala, Minister of War, is appointed President of the Council of Ministers. Amposta, a town on the river Ebro, has been captured by the Carlists. General Moriones, unable to force the Carlists from their entrenchments before Bilbao, has called for reinforcements.

Advices from Central America, via Panama: The war in Honduras still continues. President Arias, after being besieged in Comayagua, the capital, by the united forces of Salvador and Guatemala, capitulated on the 18th inst. He was made prisoner, with Señor del Cid, his minister. The conditions of the capitulation are not known. Señor Leiva, as president, now remains in full possession of the Government of Honduras. A shock of earthquake was felt at Copiapo, Chili, January 15th.

The West India and Panama Telegraph Company have laid a second cable between Jamaica and Porto Rico.

MARCH 1.—Advices from Spain: The Carlist forces occupy the city of Tolosa, in Guipuzcoa, and Andodin, a town in Biscay, near Sebastian. Typhus fever and small-pox are ravaging in Bilbao.

The Pittsburg, Fort Wayne, and Chicago Railway depot at Valparaiso, Ind., burned.

Eight persons burned and suffocated to death by the burning of a car, while the train was in motion, on the Great Western Railroad, near London, Ontario. Fire caused by the falling of a lamp.

Intelligence of deaths as follows: At Norfolk, Va., Hon. John S. Millson, a distinguished lawyer, and for a number of years member of the United States Congress.

At San Francisco, Judge Pablo de la Guerra, of the First Judicial District of California; aged fifty-five years. At Austin, Tex., Judge John T. Smith, one of the oldest settlers of Texas; aged sixty years. At London, 6th ult., John Pye, an eminent engraver, who produced the plates, after Turner, of "The Temple of Jupiter in Egina" and "Ehrenbreitstein"; aged ninety-two years. On the 18th ult., near Naples, by drowning, Matthew Moggridge, well known among archeologists and naturalists.

At London, 14th ult., John C. Schetky, marine painter, in his ninety-sixth year; he was the friend of Sir Walter Scott and Lord Brougham.

On the 9th ult., Charles Moorehouse, an ex-political Irish leader; aged twenty-nine years. At Pekatu, island of Te Aro, Arapata Whatitiri, a famous New-Zealand chief.

In Prussia, 12th ult., John Prince Smith, for many years President of the Association of Political Economy and of the Permanent Deputations of the Congress of German Political Economy. On January 17th, Asim Jah, Prince of Areot, India; aged seventy-two years.

MARCH 2.—Advices from Spain: Five thousand republicans, encamped near Somorrostro, surprised by the Carlists, and defeated. Report that Bilbao has surrendered to the Carlists.

Terrible explosion in Lancashire, England; twenty persons killed.

The bark Grace Darling wrecked on the Scottish coast, near Aberdeen; fifteen of the crew drowned.

The Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal reports one million seventy thousand persons starving in the districts affected by the famine.

Death, at Buffalo, N. Y., of Judge N. K. Hall, of the United States District Court. At Detroit, Mich., of Morgan Bates, ex-Lieutenant-governor, aged sixty-eight.

MARCH 3.—Advices from Japan that the insurgent force which appeared before Nagasaki has been defeated.

A dispatch from Tucson, Arizona, states that Cassador's band of Apaches has surrendered to Lieutenant Baché.

MARCH 4.—Reports from Havana that ex-President Cespedes has been killed by members of the San-Quentin Battalion. His body reported to be at Santiago de Cuba.

Death, at London, of Dr. Forbes Winslow, eminent physician and medical writer; aged sixty-four years.

The liquor-crusade continues in the West. Ladies are organizing in all parts of the country into prayer-meetings, and bands for visiting saloons in the hope of suppressing the liquor-traffic.

Notices.

ALTHOUGH COMPARATIVELY new, the National Life has proved one of the most successful insurance companies ever started, and the statement of business done during 1873, to be found elsewhere, is another gratifying proof of the hold it has obtained upon the insuring public. With a cash capital of \$1,000,000, full paid, its total receipts for the past year were \$1,463,504.24, of which \$1,215,878.92 was for premiums, and \$247,625.33 for interest. The total disbursements for the same period were \$305,060.11, leaving a net increase in assets for the year of \$657,544.13—a most gratifying record—and the total assets foot up \$3,293,531.62. The total liabilities of the Company are \$2,039,127.77, leaving a surplus as regards policyholders, independent of the Reserve Fund, of \$1,254.403.34. While the Company largely increased its business, it is gratifying to state that it diminished its ratio of Expenses to Receipts—a proof of solid business ability on the part of the managers. It gives us great pleasure, therefore, to congratulate Mr. Rollins, the genial President, Mr. Peet, the able Vice-President and Actuary, and Mr. Butler, the indefatigable Secretary, on the ability, courage, and enterprise, they have displayed during 1873.

THE WATERS CONCERTO PIANO ORGAN.—We are glad to chronicle any new thing, or any improvement upon an old one, that tends to popularize music, by rendering its study either easier or more attractive. Lately our attention has been called to a new patented stop added to the Waters Reed Organ, called the concerto stop. It is so voiced as to have a tone like a full, rich alto voice; it is especially "human" in its tone. It is powerful as well as sweet, and, when we heard it, we were in doubt whether we liked it best in solo or with full organ. We regard this as a valuable addition to the reed organ.—*Rural New Yorker*.

READING FOR HOSPITAL INVALIDS.—Mr. ALFRED PELL, of 18 East 30th Street, New York, offers his services in receiving and distributing among the inmates of BELLEVUE and other HOSPITALS, such old magazines, periodicals, newspapers, books, or other interesting reading-matter, that may be sent to his care for this purpose.

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